MARRIAGE A-la-Mode.

A

COMEDY.

As it is Acted at the

THEATRE-ROYAL.

Written by John Dryden *Esq*;

——————Quicquid ſum ego, quamvis
Infra Lucilli cenſum ingeniumque, tamen me
Cum magnis vixiſſe, invita fatebitur uſque
Invidia, & fragili quærens illidere dentem
Offendet ſolido.

Horat Serm.

In the SAVOY:
Printed by *Edw. Jones*, for *Henry Herringman*, and are to be Sold by *J. Tonſon* in *Fleetſtreet*, *F. Saunders* in the *New-Exchange* in the *Strand*, and *T. Bennet* in St. *Paul's* Church-Yard. 1698.

TO THE
RIGHT HONOURABLE
The Earl of
ROCHESTER.

My Lord,

I Humbly Dedicate to your Lordſhip that Poem, of which you were pleas'd to appear an early Patron before it was Acted on the Stage. I may yet go farther, with your Permiſſion, and ſay, That it receiv'd amendment from your noble Hands, e'er it was fit to be preſented. You may pleaſe likewiſe to Remember, with how much favour to the Authour, and indulgence to the Play, you Commended it to the view of His Majeſty, then at *Windſor*, and by His Approbation of it in Writing, made way for its kind Reception on the *Theatre*. In this Dedication therefore, I may ſeem to imitate a Cuſtom of the Ancients, who offer'd to their Gods the Firſtlings of the Flock, which I think they call'd *Ver Sacrum*, becauſe they help'd 'em to increaſe. I am ſure if there be any thing in this Play, wherein I have rais'd my ſelf beyond the ordinary lowneſs of my Comedies, I ought wholly to acknowledge it to the favour of being admitted into your Lordſhip's Converſation. And not only I, who pretend not to this way, but the beſt Comick Writers of our Age, will joyn with me to acknowledge, that they have copied the Gallantries of Courts, the Delicacy of Expreſſion, and the Decencies of Behaviour, from your Lordſhip, with more ſucceſs, than if they

had taken their Models from the Court of *France*. But this, my Lord, will be no wonder to the World, which knows the Excellency of your Natural parts, and those you have acquir'd in a Noble Education. That which with more Reason I admire, is, that being so absolute a Courtier, you have not forgot, either the Ties of Friendship, or the Practice of Generosity. In my little Experience of a Court, (which I Confess I desire not to improve) I have found in it much of Interest, and more of Detraction: Few Men there have that Assurance of a Friend, as not to be made Ridiculous by him, when they are absent. There are a middling sort of Courtiers, who become happy by their want of Wit; but they supply that want, by an excess of Malice to those who have it. And there is no such Persecution as that of Fools: They can never be considerable enough to be talk'd of themselves; so that they are safe only in their Obscurity, and grow mischievous to Witty Men, by the great diligence of their Envy, and by being always present to represent and aggravate their Faults. In the mean time they are forc'd, when they endeavour to be pleasant, to live on the Offals of their Wit, whom they decry; and either to quote it, (which they do unwillingly) or to pass it upon others for their own. These are the Men who make it their Business to chase Wit from the Knowledge of Princes, lest it should disgrace their Ignorance. And this kind of Malice your Lordship has not so much avoided, as surmounted. But if by the excellent Temper of a Royal Master, always more ready to hear good then ill, if by his Inclination to Love you, if by your own Merit and Address, if by the Charms of your Conversation, the Grace of your Behaviour, your Knowledge of Greatness and Habitude in Courts, you having been able to preserve your self with Honour in the midst of so dangerous a Course; yet at least the remembrance of those Hazards has inspir'd you with Pity for other Men, who being of an inferiour Wit and Quality to you, are yet Persecuted, for being that in Little, which your Lordship is in Great. For the Quarrel of those People extends it self to any thing of Sense; and if I may be so Vain to own it amongst the rest of the Poets, has sometimes reach'd to the very Borders of it, even to me. So that, if our general good Fortune had not rais'd up your Lordship to defend us, I know not whether any thing had

been

been more Ridiculous in Court, than Writers. 'Tis to your Lordship's favour we generally owe our Protection and Patronage: And to the Nobleness of your Nature, which will not suffer the least shadow of your Wit to be Contemn'd in other Men. You have been often pleas'd, not only to excuse my Imperfections, but to vindicate what was tolerable in my writings from their Censures. And, what I never can forget, you have not only been careful of my Reputation, but of my Fortune. You have been Solicitous to supply my neglect of myself; and to overcome the fatal Modesty of Poets, which submits them to perpetual wants, rather than to become importunate with those People, who have the Liberality of Kings in their disposing; and who, dishonouring the Bounty of their Master, suffer such to be in Necessity, who endeavor at least to please him: And for whose entertainment He has generously provided, if the Fruits of His Royal Favour were not often stopp'd in other Hands. But your Lordship has given me occasion, not to complain of Courts, whilst you are there. I have found the effects of your Mediation in all my Concernments; and they were so much the more Noble in you, because they were wholly voluntary. I became your Lordship's, (if I may venture on the Similitude) as the World was made, without knowing him who made it; and brought only a Passive Obedience to be your Creature. This Nobleness of yours I think my self the rather oblig'd to own, because otherwise it must have been lost to all Remembrance: For you are endued with that excellent Quality of a frank Nature, to forget the Good which you have done.

But, my Lord, I ought to have consider'd, that you are as great a Judge, as you are a Patron; and that in Praising you ill, I shall incur a higher Note of Ingratitude, then that I thought to have avoided. I stand in need of all your accustom'd Goodness for the Dedication of this Play; which, though perhaps it be the best of my Comedies, is yet so faulty, that I should have fear'd you for my Critick, if I had not with some Policy given you the trouble of being my Protector. Wit seems to have lodg'd it self more Nobly in this Age, than in any of the former: And People of my mean Condition, are only Writers, because some of the Nobility, and your Lordship in the first place, are above the narrow Praises which

Posi-

Poesie could give you. But let those who love to see themselves exceeded, encourage your Lordship in so dangerous a Quality: For my own part, I must confess, that I have so much of self-Interest, as to be content with Reading some Papers of your Verses, without desiring you should proceed to a Scene or Play; with the common Prudence of those, who are worsted in a Duel, and declare they are satisfied when they are first Wounded. Your Lordship has but another step to make, and from the Patron of Wit, you may become its Tyrant; add oppress our little Reputations with more ease than you now protect them. But these, my Lord, are designs, which I am sure you harbour not, any more then the *French* King is contriving the Conquest of the *Swissers*. 'Tis a barren Triumph, which is not worth your Pains, and wou'd only rank him amongst your Slaves, who is already

My Lord,

Your Lordships

Most Obedient,

and most Faithful Servant,

JOHN DRYDEN.

Prologue.

Prologue.

LOrd, how reform'd and quiet we are grown,
Since all our Braves and all our Wits are gone:
Fop-corner now is free from Civil War:
White-Wig and Vizard make no longer jar.
France, and the Fleet, have swept the Town so clear,
That we can Act in peace, and you can hear.
'Twas a sad sight, before they march'd from home,
To see our Warriours, in Red Wastecoats, come,
With Hair tuck'd up, into our Tireing-Room.
But 'twas more sad to hear their last Adieu,
The Women sob'd, and swore they would be true;
And so they were, as long as e're they cou'd:
But powerful Guinea cannot be withstood,
And they were made of Play-house Flesh and Blood.
Fate did their Friends for double use ordain,
In Wars abroad, they grinning Honour gain,
And Mistresses, for all that stay, maintain.
Now they are gone, 'tis dead Vacation here,
For neither Friends nor Enemies appear.
Poor pensive Punk now peeps ere Plays begin,
Sees the bare Bench, and dares not venture in:
But manages her last Half-Crown with care;
And trudges to the Mall, on foot, for Air.
Our City Friends so far will hardly come,
They can take up with Pleasures nearer home;
And see gay Shows, and gaudy Scenes elsewhere:
For we presume they seldome come to hear.
But they have now ta'n up a glorious Trade,
And cutting Moorcraft, struts in Masquerade.
There's all our hope, for we shall show to Day,
A Masquing Ball, to recommend our Play:
Nay, to endear 'em more, and let 'em see,
We scorn to come behind in Courtesie,
We'll follow the new Mode which they begin,
And Treat 'em with a Room and Coach within.
For that's one way, how e'er the Play fall short,
To oblige the Town, the City, and the Court.

Persons

Persons Represented.

MEN.

	By
Polydamus, Usurper of *Sicily*	Mr. *Wintershall.*
Leonidas, the Rightful Prince unknown	Mr. *Kynaston.*
Argaleon, Favourite to *Polydamus*	Mr. *Lydall.*
Hermogenes, Foster-Father to *Leonidas*	Mr. *Cartwright.*
Eubulus, his Friend and Companion	Mr. *Watson.*
Rhodophil, Captain of the Guards	Mr. *Mohun.*
Palamede, a Courtier	Mr. *Hart.*

WOMEN.

	By
Palmyra, Daughter to the Usurper	Mrs. *Coxe.*
Amalthea, Sister to *Argaleon*	Mrs. *James.*
Doralice, Wife to *Rhodophil*	Mrs. *Marshall.*
Melantha, an affected Lady	Mrs. *Bowtell.*
Philotis, Woman to *Melantha*	Mrs. *Reeve.*
Belisa, Woman to *Doralice*	Mrs. *Slade.*
Artemis, a Court Lady	Mrs. *Uphill.*

Scene, *SICILY.*

MARRIAGE

Marriage A-la-Mode.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Walks near the Court.

Enter Doralice *and* Beliza.

Dor. BEliza, bring the Lute into this Arbour, the Walks are empty: I would try the Song the Princess *Amalthea* bad me learn. *They go in and Sing.*

1.

WHy should a foolish Marriage Vow
Which long ago was made,
Oblige us to each other now
When Passion is decay'd?
We lov'd and we lov'd, as long as we cou'd,
Till our love was lov'd out in us both:
But our Marriage is dead, when the Pleasure is fled:
'Twas Pleasure first made it an Oath.

2.

If I have Pleasures for a Friend,
And farther Love in store,
What wrong has he whose Joys did end,
And who cou'd give no more?

'Tis a Madness that he
Should be Jealous of me,
Or that I shou'd bar him of another?
For all we can gain,
Is to give our selves Pain
When neither can hinder the other.

Enter Palamede, *in Riding Habit, and hears the Song.*
Re-enter Doralice *and* Beliza.

Bel. Madam, a Stranger.

Dor. I did not think to have had Witnesses of my bad Singing.

Pala If I have err'd, Madam, I hope you'l Pardon the Curiosity of

a Stranger; for I may well call my ſelf ſo, after five years abſence from the Court. But you have freed me from one Error.

Don. What's that, I beſeech you?

Pala. I thought good Voices, and ill Faces, had been inſeparable; and that to be Fair, and Sing well, had been only the priviledge of Angels.

Dor. And how many more of theſe fine Things can you ſay to me?

Pala. Very few, Madam, for if I ſhould continue to ſee you ſome hours longer; you look ſo killingly, that I ſhould be Mute with wonder.

Dor. This will not give you the Reputation of a Wit with me: You Travelling Monſieurs live upon the Stock you have got abroad, for the firſt day or two: To repeat with a good Memory, and apply with a good Grace, is all your Wit. And commonly, your Gullets are ſew'd up like Cormorants: When you have regorg'd what you have taken in, you are the leaneſt things in Nature.

Pala. Then, Madam, I think you had beſt make that uſe of me; let me wait on you for two or three days together, and you ſhall hear all I have learnt of extraodinary in other Countries: And one Thing which I never ſaw till I came home, that is a Lady of a better Voice, better Face, and better Wit, than any I have ſeen abroad. And after this, if I ſhould not declare my ſelf moſt Paſſionately in Love with you, I ſhould have leſs Wit than yet you think I have.

Dor. A very plain and pithy Declaration. I ſee, Sir, you have been Travelling in *Spain* or *Italy*, or ſome of the hot Countries, where Men come to the Point immediately. But are you ſure theſe are not Words of Courſe? For I would not give my poor Heart an occaſion of complaint againſt me, that I engag'd it too raſhly, and then could not bring it off.

Pala. Your Heart may truſt it ſelf with me ſafely; I ſhall uſe it very Civilly while it ſtays, and never turn it away, without fair warning to provide for it ſelf.

Dor. Firſt, then, I do receive your Paſſion with as little Conſideration on my part, as ever you gave it me on yours. And now ſee what a miſerable Wretch you have made your ſelf.

Pala. Who, I miſerable? Thank you for that. Give me Love enough and Life enough, and I defie *Fortune*.

Dor. Know then, thou Man of Vain Imagination; know, to thy utter Confuſion, that I am Veruous.

Pala. Such another Word, and I give up the Ghoſt.

Dor. Then, to ſtrike you quite Dead, know, that I am Marry'd too.

Pala. Art thou Marry'd? O thou damnable Virtuous Woman!

Dor. Yes, Marry'd to a Gentleman; young, handſome, rich, valiant, and with all the good Qualities that will make you deſpair and hang your ſelf.

Pala. Well, in ſpight of all that, I'll Love you: *Fortune* has cut us out for one another; for I am to be Marry'd within theſe three days. Marry'd paſt Redemption, to a young, faire, rich, and Vertuous Lady: And, it ſhall go hard, but I will Love my Wife as little, as I perceive you do your Husband.

Dor. Remember, I invade no propriety: My Servant you are only till you are Marry'd.

Pala.

Pala. In the mean time, you are to forget you have a Husband.

Dor. And you, that you are to have a Wife.

Bel. Aside to her Lady. O Madam, my Lord's just at the end of the Walks; and, if you make not haste, will discover you.

Dor. Some other time, new Servant, we'll talk further of the Premises; in the mean while, break not my first Commandment, that is, Not to follow me.

Pala. But where, then, shall I find you again?

Dor. At Court. Yours for two Days, Sir.

Pala. And Nights, I beseech you Madam. [*Exit* Dor. *and* Beliza.

Pala. Well, I'll say that for thee, thou art a very dextrous Executioner; thou hast done my business at one Stroke: Yet I must Marry another——and yet I must Love this; and if it lead me into some little Inconveniencies, as Jealousies and Duels, and Death, and so forth; yet while sweet Love is in the case, *Fortune* do thy worst, and avant Mortality.

Enter Rodophil, *who seems Speaking to one within.*

Rho. Leave 'em with my Lieutenant, while I fetch new Orders from the King. How? *Palamede!* *Sees* Palamede.

Pala. Rodophil!

Rho. Who thought to have seen you in *Sicily?*

Pala. Who thought to have found the Court so far from *Syracuse?*

Rho. The King best knows the Reason of the Progress. But Answer me, I beseech you, What brought you home from Travel?

Pala. The Commads of an old rich Father.

Rho. And the hopes of Burying him.

Pala. Both together, as you see, have prevail'd on my good Nature. In few words, my old Man has already Marry'd me; for he has agreed with an other old Man, as Rich and as Covetous as himself; the Articles are drawn, and I have given my Consent, for fear of being dis-inherited; and yet know not what kind of Woman I am to Marry.

Rho. Sure your Father intends you some very ugly Wife; and has a mind to keep you in Ignorance, till you have shot the Gulf.

Pala I know not that; but Obey I will, and must.

Rho. Then I cannot chuse but grieve for all the good Girls, and Curtizans of *France* and *Italy*; They have lost the most kind-hearted, doting, prodigal, humble Servant in *Europe.*

Pala. All I could do in these three years I stay'd behind you, was to comfort the poor Creatures for the loss of you. But what's the Reason that in all this time a Friend could never hear from you?

Rho. Alas, Dear *Palamede*, I have had no Joy to write, nor indeed to do any thing in the World to please me: The greatest Misfortune imaginable is fall'n upon me!

Pala. Prithee, What's the matter?

Rho. In one word, I am Marry'd; wretchedly Marry'd; and have been above these two Years. Yes, faith, the Divel has had power over me, in spight of my Vows and Resolutions to the contrary.

Pala. I find you have Sold your ſelf for filthy lucre; ſhe's old, or ill-Condition'd.

Rho. No, none of theſe: I'm ſure ſhe's young; and for her Humour, ſhe Laughs, Sings, and Dances eternally; and which is more, we never quarrel about it, for I do the ſame.

Pala. You're very unfortunate indeed: Then the caſe is plain, ſhe is not handſome.

Rho. A great Beauty too, as People ſay.

Pala. As People ſay: Why, you ſhould know that beſt your ſelf.

Rho. Ask thoſe, who have ſmelt to a ſtrong Perfume two years together what's the Scent.

Pala. But here are good Qualities enough for one Woman.

Rho. Ay, too many, *Palamede*, if I could put 'em into three or four Women, I ſhould be content.

Pala. O, now I have found it, you diſlike her for no other Reaſon, but becauſe ſhe's your Wife.

Rho. And is not that enough? All that I know of her Perfections now, is only by Memory; I remember, indeed, that about two years ago I Lov'd her Paſſionately; but thoſe Golden Days are gone, *Palamede*: Yet I Lov'd her a whole half year, double the Natural term of any Miſtreſs, and think in my Conſcience I could have held out another quarter; but then the World began to Laugh at me, and a certain Shame of being out of Faſhion ſeiz'd me: At laſt, we arriv'd at the Point, that there was nothing left in us to make us new to one another; yet ſtill I ſet a good Face upon the matter, and am infinite fond of her before Company; but when we are alone, we walk like Lions in a Room, ſhe one way, and I another: And we lie with our Backs to each other ſo far diſtant, as if the faſhion of great Beds was only invented to keep Husband and Wife ſufficiently aſunder.

Pala. The Truth is, your Diſeaſe is very deſperate; but though you cannot be Cur'd, you may be patch'd up a little; you muſt get you a Miſtreſs, *Rodophil:* That indeed, is living upon Cordials; but, as faſt as one fails, you muſt ſupply it with another. You're like a Gameſter, who has loſt his Eſtate; yet, in doing that, you have learn'd the advantages of Play, and can arrive to live upon't.

Rho. Truth is, I have been thinking on't, and have juſt reſolv'd to take your Counſel; and, faith, conſidering the Damn'd diſadvantages of a Marry'd Man, I have provided well enough for a poor humble Sinner that is not Ambitious of great Matters.

Pala. What is ſhe for a Woman?

Rho. One of the Stars of *Syracuſe*, I aſſure you: Young enough, fair enough, and, but for one quality, juſt ſuch a Woman as I would wiſh.

Pala. O Friend, this is not an Age to be Critical in Beauty: When we had good ſtore of handſome Women, and but few Chapmen, you might have been more curious in your choice; but now the price is enhanc'd upon us, and all Mankind ſet up for Miſtriſſes, ſo that poor little Creatures, without Beauty, Birth, or Breeding, but only Impudence

dence, go off at unreasonable Rates; and a Man, in these hard times, snaps at 'em, as he does at broad Gold, never examines the weight, but takes light, or heavy, as he can get it.

Rho. But my Mistress has one Fault that's almost unpardonable; for being a Town-Lady, without any relation to the Court, yet she thinks her self undone, if she be not seen there three or four times aday, with the Princess *Amalthea*. And for the King, she haunts, and watches him so narrowly in a Morning, that she prevents even the Chymists who beset his Chamber, to turn their Mercury into his Gold.

Pala. Yet, hitherto, methinks, you are no very unhappy Man.

Rho. With all this, she's the greatest Gossip in Nature; for, besides the Court' she's the most eternal visiter of the Town; and yet manages her time so well, that she seems Ubiquitary For my part, I can compare her to nothing but the Sun; for, like him, she takes no rest, nor ever sets in one place, but to rise in an other.

Pala. I confess she had need be handsome with these Qualities.

Rho. No Lady can be so curious of a new Fashion, as she is of a new French Word; she's the very Mint of the Nation; and as fast as any Bullion comes out of *France*, Coins it immediately into our Language.

Pala. And her Name is ——

Rho. No Naming; that's not like a Cavalier:
Find her, if you can, by my Description; and I am not so ill a Painter, that I need write the Name beneath the Picture.

Pala. Well then, how far have you proceeded in your Love?

Rho. 'Tis yet in the Bud, and what Fruit it may bear I cannot tell; for this insufferable humour of haunting the Court, is so predominant, that she has hitherto broken all her Assignations with me, for fear of missing her Visits there.

Pala. That's the hardest part of your Adventure; but, for ought I see, Fortune has us'd us both alike; I have a strange kind of Mistress too in Court, besides her I am to Marry.

Rho. You have made hast to be in Love then; for, if I am not mistaken, you are but this day arriv'd.

Pala. That's all one, I have seen the Lady already, who has charm'd me, seen her in these Walks, Courted her, and receiv'd for the first time, an Answer that does not put me into Despair.

To them, Argaleon, Amalthea, Artemis.

I'll tell you at more leisure my Adventures. The Walks fill apace, I see. Stay, is not that the young Lord *Argaleon*, the King's Favourite?

Rho. Yes as Proud as ever, as Ambitious, and as Revengeful.

Pala. How keeps he the Kings Favour with these Qualities?

Rho. *Argaleon's* Father helpt him to the Crown: Besides, he gilds over all his Vices to the King, and standing in the dark to him, sees all his Inclinations, Interests and Humors, which he so tymes and sooths, that in effect, he Reigns.

Pala.

Pala. His Sister *Amalthea*, who I guess stands by him, seems not to be of his Temper.

Rho. O, she's all Goodness and Generosity.

Arga. Rhodophil, the King expects you earnestly.

Rho. 'Tis done, my Lord, what he Commanded: I only waited his return from Hunting. Shall I attend your Lordship to him?

Arga. No; I go first another way. [*Exit hastily.*

Amal. to Rhod. after a short Whisper. Your Friend; Then he must needs be of much Merit.

Rho. When he has kiss'd the King's Hand, I know he'll beg the Honour to kiss your's. Come, *Palamede*.

Exeunt Rhodo. *and* Pala. *bowing to* Amal.

Arte. Madam, you tell me most surprizing News.

Amal. The fear of it, you see
Has discompos'd my Brother; but to me
All that can bring my Country good is welcome.

Arte. It seems incredible, that this old King,
Whom all the World thought Childless,
Should come to search the farthest parts of *Sicily*,
In hope to find an Heir.

Amal. To lessen your Astonishment, I will
Unfold some private Passages of State,
Of which you yet are ignorant: Know, first,
That this *Polydamus*, who Reigns, unjustly
Gain'd the Crown.

Arte. Somewhat of this I have confus'dly heard.

Amal. I'll tell you all in brief: *Theagenes*;
Our last great King,
Had, by his Queen, one only Son, an Infant
Of three years old, call'd, after him, *Theagenes*;
The General, this *Polydamus*, then Marry'd:
The publick Feasts for which were scarcely past,
When a Rebellion in the heart of *Sicily*
Call'd out the King to Arms.

Arte. ——————— *Polydamus*
Had then a just excuse to stay behind.

Amal. His Temper was tōo warlike to accept it:
He left his Bride, and the new Joys of Marriage,
And followed to the Field. In short, they fought,
The Rebels were ov'rcome, but in the Fight
The too bold King receiv'd a mortal Wound.
When he perceiv'd his End approaching near,
He call'd the General, to whose Care he left
His Widow Queen, and Orphan Son; then dy'd.

Arte. Then false *Polydamus* betray'd his Trust?

Amal. He did, and with my Father's help, for which
Heav'n Pardon him, so gain'd the Soldiers Hearts,

That

That in few days he was Saluted King:
And when his Crimes had Impudence enough
To bear the Eye of day;
He march'd his Army back to *Syracuſe*,
But ſee how Heav'n can puniſh wicked Men
In granting their Deſires: The *News* was brought him
That day he was to enter it, that *Eubulus*,
Whom his dead Maſter had left Governor,
Was fled, and with him bore away the Queen,
And Royal Orphan; but what more amaz'd him
His Wife, now big with Child, and much deteſting
Her Husband's Practiſes, had willingly
Accompani'd their flight.

Arte. How I admire her Virtue!

Amal. ——————————What became
Of her, and them, ſince that, was never known;
Only, ſome few days ſince, a famous Robber
Was taken with ſome Jewels of vaſt price,
Which, when they were deliver'd to the King,
He knew had been his Wife's; with theſe, a Letter,
Much torn, and ſulli'd, but which yet he knew
To be her Writing.

Arte. ——————————Sure from hence he learn'd
He had a Son.

Amal. ——————————It was not left ſo plain:
The Paper only ſaid, ſhe dy'd in Childbed:
But when it ſhould have mention'd Son, or Daughter,
Juſt there it was torn off.

Arte. ——————————Madam, the King.

To them, Polydamas, Argaleon, *Guard, and Attendants,*

Aaga. The Robber, though thrice Rack'd, confeſs'd no more,
But that he took thoſe Jewels near this place.

Poly. But yet the Circumſtances ſtrongly argue,
That thoſe, for whom I ſearch, are not far off.

Arga. I cannot eaſily believe it.

Arte. ——————————No, [*aſide.*
You would not have it ſo.

Poly. Thoſe I employ'd, have, in the Neighbouring Hamlet,
Amongſt the Fiſhers Cabins, made diſcovery
Of ſome young perſons, whoſe uncommon Beauty,
And graceful Carriage, makes it ſeem Suſpicious
They are not what they ſeem: I therefore ſent
The Captain of my Guards, this Morning early,
With Orders to ſecure and bring 'em to me.

Enter

Enter Rhodophil *and* Palamede.

O here he is. Have you perform'd my Will?
Rho. Sir, thoſe whom you commanded me to bring,
Are waiting in the Walks.
Poly. ——————Conduct 'em hither.
Rho. Firſt give me leave
To beg your Notice of this Gentleman.
Poly. He ſeems to merit it. His Name and Quality?
Rho. *Palamede*, Son to the Lord *Clevdemus* of *Palermo*,
And new return'd from Travel.
Palamede *aproaches, and kneels to kiſs the King's Hand.*
Poly. ——————You're welcome.
I knew your Father well, he was both brave,
And honeſt; we two once were fellow Soldiers,
In the laſt Civil Wars.
Pala. I bring the ſame unqueſtion'd honeſty
And zeal to ſerve your Majeſty; the Courage
You were pleas'd to praiſe in him,
Your Royal Prudence, and your Peoples love,
Will never give me leave to try like him
In Civil Wars, I hope it may in Foreign.
Poly. Attend the Court, and it ſhall be my care
To find out ſome Employment worthy you.
Go, *Rhodophil*, and bring in thoſe without. [*Exit* Rho. *and* Pala.

Rhodophil *returns again immediately, and with him*
Enter Hermogenes, Leonidas, *and* Palmyra.

Bhold two Miracles { *Looking earneſtly on*
Of different Sexes, but of equal Form: { Leon. *and* Palmyra.
So matchleſs both, that my divided Soul
Can ſcarcely ask the Gods a Son, or Daughter.
For fear of loſing one. If from your Hands,
You Powers, I ſhall this day receive a Daughter,
Argaleon, ſhe is yours; but if a Son,
Then *Amalthea*'s Love ſhall make him happy.
Arga. Grant, Heav'n, this admirable Nymph may prove
That Iſſue which he ſeeks.
Amal. Venus Urania, if thou art a Goddeſs,
Grant that ſweet Youth may prove the Prince of *Sicily*.
Poly, Tell me, old Man, and tell me true, from whence [*To* Her.
Had you that Youth and Maid?
Her. ——————From whence you had
Your Scepter, Sir. I had 'em from the Gods.
Poly. The Gods then have not ſuch another Gift.
Say who their Parents were.

Her.

Her. ——————— My Wife, and I.
Arga. It is not likely, a Virgin of ſo exellent a Beauty
Should come from ſuch a Stock.
Amal. Much leſs, that ſuch a Youth, ſo ſweet, ſo graceful,
Should be produc'd from Peaſants.
Her. Why, Nature is the ſame in Villages,
And much more fit to form a Noble Iſſue
Where it is leaſt corrupted.
Poly. He talks too like a Man that knew the World
To have been long a Peaſant. But the Rack
Will teach him other Language. Hence with him.
[*As the Guards are carrying him away, his Perruke falls off.*
Sure I have ſeen that Face before. *Hermogenes!*
'Tis he, 'tis he, who fled away with *Eubulus*,
And with my dear *Eudoxia*.
Her. Yes, Sir, I am *Hermogenes*.
And if to have been Loyal be a Crime,
I ſtand prepar'd to ſuffer.
Poly. If thou would'ſt live, ſpeak quickly,
What is become of my *Eudoxia*?
Where is the Queen, and young *Theagenes*?
Where *Eubulus*? And which of theſe is mine? { *Pointing to* Leon. *and* Palm.
Her. *Eudoxia* is Dead, ſo is the Queen,
The Infant King her Son, and *Eubulus*.
Poly. Traitor, 'tis falſe: Produce 'em, or ——
Her. ——————— Once more
I tell you they are Dead: but leave to threaten,
For you ſhall know no further.
Poly. Then prove indulgent to my Hopes, and be
My Friend for ever. Tell me, good *Hermogenes*,
Whoſe Son is that brave Youth?
Her. ——————— Sir, he is yours.
Poly. Fool that I am, thou ſeeſt that ſo I wiſh it,
And ſo thou flatter'ſt me.
Her. ——————— By all that's Holy.
Poly. Again, thou canſt not ſwear too deeply.
Yet hold, I will believe thee: ——— yet I doubt.
Her. You need not, Sir,
Arga. Believe him not; he ſees you Credulous,
And would impoſe his own baſe Iſſue on you,
And fix it on your Crown.
Amal. Behold his goodly Shape and Feature, Sir,
Methinks he much reſembles you.
Arga. I ſay, if you have any Iſſue here,
It muſt be that fair Creature;
By all my Hopes I think ſo.
Amal. Yes, Brother, I belive you by your Hopes,

For they are all for her.

Poly. ——————— Call the Youth nearer.

Her. Leonidas, the King would ſpeak with you.

Poly. Come near, and be not dazled with Splendor
And greatneſs of a Court.

Leon. I need not this incouragement.
I can fear nothing but the Gods.
And for this Glory, after I have ſeen
The Canopy of State ſpread wide above
In the Abyſs of Heaven, the Court of Stars,
The bluſhing Morning, and the riſing Sun,
What greater can I ſee?

Poly. This ſpeaks thee Born a Prince, thou art thy ſelf
That riſing Son, and ſhalt not ſee on Earth,
A brighter than thy ſelf.—All of you Witneſs,
That for my Son I here receive this Youth,
This brave, this——but I muſt not Praiſe him further,
Becauſe he now is mine. { *Embracing him.*

Leon. I wonnot, Sir, beleive
That I am made your ſport;
For I find nothing in my ſelf, but what
Is much above a ſcorn; I dare give credit
To whatſoe'er a King, like you, can tell me.
Either I am, or will deſerve to be your Son. [*kneeling.*

Arga. I yet maintain it is impoſſible
This young Man ſhould be yours; for, if he were,
Why ſhould *Hermogenes* ſo long conceal him,
When he might gain ſo much by his diſcovery?

Her. I ſtay'd a while to make him worthy, Sir, of you.
But in that time I found
Somewhat within him, which ſo mov'd my love,
I never could reſolve to part with him. { *To the King.*

Leon. You ask too many Queſtions, and are
Too ſawcy for a Subject. [*To* Argaleon.

Arga. You rather over-act your part, and are
Too ſoon a Prince.

Leon.——————Too ſoon you'll find me one.

Poly. Enough, *Argaleon*,
I have declar'd him mine: And you, *Leonidas*,
Live well with him I Love.

Arga. Sir, if he be your Son, I may have leave
To think your Queen had Twins; look on this Virgin;
Hermogenes would enviouſly deprive you
Of half your Treaſure.

Her.———————Sir, ſhe is my Daughter.
I could, perhaps, thus aided by this Lord,
Preſer her to be yours; but Truth forbid.

I ſhould procure her greatneſs by a Lie.
Poly. Come hither, beauteous Maid: Are you not ſorry
Your Father will not let you paſs for mine?
Palm. I am Content to be what Heav'n has made me.
Poly. Could you not Wiſh your ſelf a Princeſs then?
Palm. Not to be Siſter to *Leonidas*.
Poly. Why, my ſweet Maid?
Palm. ——— ——— Indeed I cannot tell;
But I could be content to be his Handmaid.
Arga. I wiſh I had not ſeen her. [*Aſide.*
Palm. I muſt weep for your good Fortune; [*To* Leonidas.
Pray Pardon me, indeed I cannot help it.
Leonidas, (alas, I had forgot,
Now I muſt call you Prince) but muſt I leave you?
Leon. I dare not ſpeak to her; for if I ſhould, [*Aſide.*
I muſt weep too.
Poly. No, you ſhall live at Court, ſweet Innocence,
And ſee him there. *Hermogenes*,
Though you intended not to make me happy,
Yet you ſhall be Rewarded for th'event.
Come, my *Leonidas*, let's thank the Gods;
Thou for a Father, I for ſuch a Son. [*Exeunt all but* Leon. *and* Pal.
Leon. My dear *Palmyra*, many Eyes obſerve me,
And I have Thoughts ſo tender, that I cannot
In publick ſpeak 'em to you: Some Hours hence
I ſhall ſhake off theſe crowds of fawning Courtiers.
And then ——— [*Exit* Leonidas.
Palm. Fly ſwift, you Hours, you meaſure time for me in vain,
Till you bring back *Leonidas* again.
Be ſhorter now; and to redeem that wrong.
When he and I are met, be twice as long. [*Exit.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

Melantha *and* Philotis.

Phil. COunt *Rhodophil*'s a fine Gentleman indeed, Madam; and I think deſerves your affection.
Mel. Let me die but he's a fine Man; he Sings, and Dances *en Francois*, and writes the *Billets Doux* to a Miracle.
Phil. And thoſe are no ſmall Talents to a Lady that underſtands, and values the French Ayr, as your Ladyſhip does.
Mel. How Charming is the French Air! And what an *Etourdy Bete* is one of our untravel'd Iſlanders! when he would make his Court to me, let me die, but he is juſt *Æſop*'s Aſs, that would imitate the Courtly

French in his Addreſſes; but, inſtead of thoſe, comes pawing upon me, and doing all things ſo *Mal a droitly.*

Phil, 'Tis great pity *Rhodophil*'s a Married Man, that you may not have an Honourable Intrigue with him.

Mel. Intrigue, *Philotis!* that's an old Phraſe; I have laid that Word by: *Amour* ſounds better. But thou art Heir to all my caſt Words, as thou art to my old Wardrobe. Oh Count *Rhodophil!* Ah *mon cher!* I could Live and Die with him.

Enter Palamede *and a Servant.*

Ser. Sir, this is my Lady.

Pala. Then this is ſhe that is to be Divine, and Nymph, and Goddeſs, and with whom I am to be deſperatly in Love.

[*Bows to her, delivering a Letter*

This Letter, Madam, which I preſent you from your Father, has given me both the happy opportunity, and the boldneſs, to kiſs the faireſt Hands in *Sicily.*

Mel. Came you lately from *Palermo,* Sir?

Pala. But yeſterday, Madam.

Mel. [Reading the Letter] *Daughter, receive the Bearer of this Letter, as a Gentleman whom I have choſen to make you happy;* (Oh *Venus,* a new Servant ſent me! And let me Die but he has the Air of a Gallant *Homme.*) *his Father is the Rich Lord* Cleodemus, *our Neighbour. I ſuppoſe you'l find nothing diſagreeable in his Perſon or his Converſe; both which he has improv'd by Travel. The Treaty is already concluded, and I ſhall be in Town within theſe three days; ſo that you have nothing to do' but to Obey your careful Father.*

(*To* Pala.) Sir, my Father, for whom I have a blind Obedience, has commanded me to receive your paſſionate Addreſſes; but you muſt alſo give me leave to avow, that I cannot merit 'em from ſo accompliſh'd a Cavalier.

Pala. I want many Things, Madam, to render me accompliſh'd; and the firſt and greateſt of 'em, is your Favour.

Mel. Let me Die, *Philotis,* but this is extreamly French; but yet Count *Rhodophil*——A Gentleman, Sir, that underſtands the *Grand Mond* ſo well, who has haunted the beſt Converſations, and who (in ſhort) has Voyag'd, may pretend to the good Graces of any Lady.

Pala. (Aſide) Hey day! *Grand Mond! Converſation! Voyag'd!* and *good Graces!* I find my Miſtreſs is one of thoſe that run Mad in new French Words.

Mel. I ſuppoſe, Sir, you have made the *Tour* of *France;* and having ſeen all that's fine there, will make a conſiderable Reformation in the rudeneſs of our Court: For, let me Die, but an unfaſhion'd, untravel'd, meer *Sicilian,* is a *Bete;* and has nothing in the world of an *honete Homme.*

Pala. I muſt confeſs, Madam, That——

Mel. And what new *Minuets* have you brought over with you! their

their *Minouets* are to a Miracle! and our *Sicilian Jigs* are ſo dull and ſad to 'em!

Pala. For *Minouets*, Madam———

Mel. And what new Plays are there in Vogue? And who Danc'd beſt in the laſt Grand Ballet? Come ſweet Servant, you ſhall tell me all.

Pala. (Aſide) Tell her all? Why ſhe asks all, and will hear nothing——— To Anſwer in order, Madam, to your Demands———

Mel. I am thinking what a happy Couple we ſhall be! for you ſhall keep up your Correſpondence abroad, and every thing that's new writ in *France*, and fine, I mean all that's delicate, and *bien tourné*, we will have firſt.

Pala. But, Madam, our Fortune ———

Mel. I underſtand you Sir; you'l leave that to me: For the mannage of a Family, I know it better then any Lady in *Sicily*.

Pala. Alas, Madam, we———

Mel. Then we will never make Viſits together, nor ſee a Play, but always apart; you ſhall be every day at the King's *Leve*, and I at the Queen's; and we will never meet, but in the Drawing-Room.

Phil. Madam, the new Prince is juſt paſs'd the end of the Walk.

Mel. The new Prince, ſay'ſt thou? Adieu, dear Servant; I have not made my Court to him theſe two long Hours. O, 'tis the ſweeteſt Prince! ſo obligeant, charmant, raviſſant, that —— Well, I'll make haſte to kiſs his Hands; and then make half a ſcore Viſits more, and be with you again in a Twinkling. [*Exit. running with* Philotis.

Pala. (*Solus*) Now Heaven, of thy Mercy, bleſs me from this Tongue; it may keep thee Field againſt a whole Army of Lawyers, and that in their own Language, *French Gibberiſh*. 'Tis true, in the day-time, 'tis tolerable, when a Man has Field-Room to run from it; but, to be ſhut up in a Bed with her, like two Cocks in a Pit; Humanity cannot ſupport it: I muſt kiſs all Night in my own Defence, and hold her down like a Boy at Cuffs, nay, and give her the riſing blow every time ſhe begins to Speak.

Enter Rhodophil.

But here comes *Rhodophil*. 'Tis prity odd that my Miſtreſs ſhould ſo much reſemble his: The ſame News-monger, the ſame paſſionate lover of a Court, the ſame———But *Baſta*, ſince I muſt Marry her, I,ll ſay nothing, becauſe he ſhall not Laugh at my Misfortune.

Rho. Well, *Palamede*, how go the Affairs of Love? You've ſeen your Miſtreſs?

Pala. I have ſo.

Rho. And how, and how? Has the old *Cupid*, your Father, choſen well for you? Is he a good Woodman?

Pala. She's much handſomer then I could have imagin'd: In ſhort, I Love her, and will Marry her.

Rho. Then you are quite off from your old Miſtreſs?

Pala. You are miſtaken, I intend to Love 'em both, as a reaſonable Man

Man ought to do. For since all Women have their Faults and Imperfections, 'tis fit that one of 'em should help out the t'other.

Rho. This were a blessed Doctrine, indeed, if our Wives would hear it; but they'r their own Enemies: If they would suffer us but now and then to make Excursions, the benefit of our variety would be theirs; instead of one continu'd, lazy, tyr'd Love, they would in their turns, have Twenty vigorous, fresh, and active Loves.

Pala. And I would ask any of 'em, whether a poor narrow Brook, half dry the best part of the year, and running ever one way, be to be compar'd to a lusty Stream, that has Ebbs and Flows?

Rho. Ay; or is half so profitable for Navigation.

Enter Doralice, *walking by and Reading.*

Pal. Ods my Life. *Rhodophil*, will you keep my Counsel?

Rho. Yes: Where's the Secret?

Pal. There 'tis. [*Shewing* Doralice. I may tell you, as my Friend, *sub sigillo, &c*, this is that very numerical Lady, with whom I am in Love.

Rho. By all that's virtuous, my Wife! [*Aside.*

Pal. You look strangely; how do you like her? Is she not very handsom?

Rho. Sure he abuses me. [*Aside.*

Why the Devil do you ask my Judgment? [*To him.*

Pal. You are so dogged now, you think no Man's Mistress handsom but your own. Come, you shall hear her talk too; she has Wit I assure you.

Rho. This is too much, *Palamede*. [*Going back.*

Pal. Prithee do not hang back so: Of an old try'd Lover, thou art the most bashful Fellow. {*Pulling him forwards.*

Dor. Were you so near, and would not speak, dear Husband? [*Looking up.*

Pal. Husband, quoth a! I have cut out a fine piece of Work for my self. [*Aside.*

Rho. Pray, Spouse, how long have you been acquainted with this Gentleman?

Dor. Who I acquainted with this Stranger? To my best Knowledge I never saw him before.

Enter Melantha, *at the other end.*

Pal. Thanks, Fortune, thou hast help'd me. [*Aside.*

Rho. Palamede, this must not pass so: I must know your Mistress a little better.

Pal. It shall be your own fault else. Come I'll introduce you.

Rho. Introduce me! where! {*Pointing to* Melantha, *who swiftly passes over the Stage.*

Pal. There. To my Mistress.

Rho. Who? *Melantha!*
O heavens, I did not see her.

Pal. But I did: I am an Eagle where I Love;
I have seen her this half hour.

Dor. (*Aside*) I find he has Wit, he has got off so readily; but it would anger me if he should love *Melantha.*

Rho. (*Aside*) Now I could e'en wish it were my Wife he lov'd: I find he's to be marry'd to my Mistress.

Pal. Shall I run after, and fetch her back again, to present you to her?

Rho. No, you need not; I have the honour to have some small Acquaintance with her.

Pal. (*Aside*) O *Jupiter!* What a Blockhead was I not to find it out! My Wife that must be, is his Mistress. I did a little suspect it before; well, I must marry her, because she's handsome, and because I hate to be disinherited for a younger Brother, which I am sure I shall be if I disobey; and yet I must keep in with *Rhodophil*, because I love his Wife.

(*To* Rhodo.) I must desire you to make my Excuse to your Lady, if I have been so unfortunate to cause any mistake; and, withal, to beg the honour of being known to her.

Rho. O, that's but reason. Hark you, Spouse, pray look upon this Gentleman as my Friend; whom, to my Knowledge, you have never seen before this hour.

Dor. I'm so obedient a Wife, Sir, that my Husbands Commands shall ever be a Law to me.

Enter Melantha *again, hastily, and runs to embrace* Doralice.

Mela. O, my dear, I was just going to pay my Devoirs to you; I had not time this morning, for making my Court to the King, and our new Prince. Well, never Nation was so happy, and all that, in a young Prince; and he's the kindest Person in the World to me, let me die, if he is not.

Dor. He has been bred up far from Court, and therefore———

Mel. That imports not: Though he has not seen the *Grand Mond*, and all that, let me die but he has the Air of the Court, most absolutely.

Pal. But yet, Madam, he ——

Mel. O, Servant, you can testifie, that I am in his good Graces. Well, I cannot stay long with you, because I have promis'd him this Afternoon to ———But hark you, my Dear, I'll tell you a Secret.

[*Whispers to* Doralice.

Rho. the Devil's in me, that I must Love this Woman, [*Aside.*

Pal. The Devil's in me, that I must Marry this Woman. [*Aside.*

Mel. Raising her Voice. So the Prince and I ——But you must make a Secret of this, my Dear, for I would not for the World your Husband should hear it, or my Tyrant, there, that must be.

Pal. Well, fair impertinent, your whisper is not lost, we hear you. [*Aside.*

Dor. I understand then, that——

Mel.

Mel. I'll tell you, my Dear, the Prince took me by the Hand, and preſs'd it *al a derobbee*, becauſe the King was near, made the *doux yeux* to me, and, *en ſuitte*, ſaid a thouſand Gallantries, or let me Die, my Dear.

Dor. Then I am ſure you ———

Mel. You are miſtaken, my dear.

Dor. What, before I ſpeak?

Mel. But I know your meaning; you think, my dear, that I aſſum'd ſomething of *fierte* into my Countenance, to *rebuté* him; but, quite Contrary, I regarded him, I know not how to expreſs it in our dull *Sicilian* Language, *d'un ayre enjouuè*; and ſaid nothing but *ad autre*, *ad autre*, and that it was all *Grimace*, and would not paſs upon me.

Enter Artemis: Melantha *ſees her, and runs away from* Doralice.

To Artemis. My dear, I muſt beg your Pardon, I was juſt making a looſe from *Doralice*, to pay my Reſpects to you: Let me die, if I ever paſs time ſo agreeably as in your Company, and if I would leave it for any Lady's in *Sicily*.

Arte. The Princeſs *Amalthea* is coming this way.

Enter Amalthea: Melantha *runs to her.*

Mel. O dear Madam! I have been at your Lodgings, in my new *Galeche*, ſo often' to tell you of a new Amour, betwixt two Perſons whom you would little ſuſpect for it; that, let me die, if one of my Coach-Horſes be not Dead, and another quite tyr'd, and ſunk under the *fatigue*.

Amal. O, *Melantha*, I can tell you News, the Prince is coming this way.

Mel. The Prince, O ſweet Prince! He and I are to——— and I forgot it. ——— Your Pardon, ſweet Madam, for my abruptneſs. Adieu, my Dears. Servant, *Rhodophil*; Servant, Servant, Servant all. [*Exit running.*

Amal. Rhodophil, a Word with you. [*Whiſpers.*

Dor. To Pal. Why do you not follow your Miſtreſs, Sir?

Pal. Follow her! Why, at this rate ſhe'll be at the *Indies* within this half hour.

Dor. However, if you can't follow her to day, you'll meet her at Night, I hope.

Pal. But can you, in Charity, ſuffer me to be Mortifi'd, without affording me ſome Relief? If it be but to puniſh that ſign of a Husband there; that lazy Matrimony, that dull inſipid taſte, who leaves ſuch delicious fare at home, to Dine abroad on worſe Meat, and to pay dear for't into the bargain.

Dor. All this is in Vain: Aſſure your ſelf, I will never admit of any Viſit from you in private.

Pal. That is to tell me in other Words, my Condition is deſperate.

Dor. I think you in ſo ill a Condition, that I am reſolved to Pray for you

you this very Evening, in the close Walk, behind the Terrass; for that's a private place, and there I am sure no Body will disturb my Devotions. And so good Night, Sir. [*Exit.*

Pal. This is the newest way of making an Appointment, I ever heard of: Let Women alone to contrive the means; I find we are but Dunces to 'em. Well, I will not be so Prophane a Wretch as to interrupt her Devotions; but to make 'em more effectual, I'll down upon my Knees, and endeavour to join my own with 'em. [*Exit.*

Amal. (*To* Rhodophil) I know already they do not Love each other; and that my Brother acts but a forc'd Obedience to the Kings Commands; so that, if a quarrel should arise betwixt the Prince and him, I were most miserable on both sides.

Rho. There shall be nothing wanting in me, Madam, to prevent so sad a Consequence.

Enter the King, Leonidas; *the King Whispers* Amalthea.

(*To himself*) I begin to hate this *Palamede*, because he is to Marry my Mistress: Yet break with him I dare not, for fear of being quite excluded from her Company. 'Tis a hard Case when a Man must go by his Rival to his Mistress: But 'tis at worst but using him like a pair of heavy Boots in a dirty Journey; after I have foul'd him all day, I'll throw him off at Night.

Amal. (*To the King*) This Honour is too great for me to hope.

Poly. You shall this Hour have the Assurance of it.
Leonidas, come hither; you have heard,
I doubt not, that the Father of this Princess
Was my most Faithful Friend, while I was yet
A private Man; and when I did assume
This Crown, he serv'd me in that high attempt.
You see then, to what Gratitude obliges me;
Make your Addresses to her.

Leon. Sir, I am yet too young to be a Courtier;
I should too much betray my Ignorance.
And want of breeding to so fair a Lady.

Amal. Your Language speaks you not bred up in Desarts,
But in the softness of some *Asian* Court,
Where Luxury and Ease invent kind Words,
To cozen tender Virgins of their Hearts.

Poly. You need not doubt
But in what Words soe'er a Prince can offer
His Crown and Person, they will be receiv'd.
You know my Pleasure, and you know your Duty.

Leon. Yes, Sir, I shall Obey, in what I can.

Poly. In what you can, *Leonidas*? Consider,
He's both your King, and Father, who commands you!
Besides, what is there hard in my Injunction?

Leon. 'Tis hard to have my Inclination forc'd,
I would nor Marry, Sir; and when I do,
I hope you'll give me freedom in my choice.
Poly. View well this Lady,
Whose Mind as much Transcends her Beauteous Face,
As that excells all others.
Amal. My Beauty as it ne'er could merit Love,
So neither can it beg: And, Sir, you may
Believe that what the King has offer'd you,
I should refuse, did I not value more
Your Person then your Crown.
Leon. ——— Think it not Pride,
Or my new Fortunes swell me to contemn you;
Think less, that I want Eyes to see your Beauty;
And least of all think Duty wanting in me
'T Obey a Fathers Will: But ———
Poly. ——— But what, *Leonidas*?
For I must know your Reason; and be sure
It be convincing too.
Leon. ——— Sir ask the Stars,
Which have impos'd Love on us like a Fate,
Why Minds are bent to one, and fly another?
Ask why all Beauties cannot move all Hearts?
For though there may
Be made a rule for Colour or for Feature;
There can be none for liking.
Poly. *Leonidas*, you owe me more
Than to oppose your liking to my Pleasure.
Leon. I owe you all things, Sir; but something too
I owe my self.
Poly. You shall dispute no more; I am a King,
And I will be obey'd.
Leon, You are a King, Sir; but you are no God;
Or if you were, you could not force my Will.
Poly. But you are just, you Gods; O you are just, [*Aside.*
In punishing the Crimes of my Rebellion
With a Rebellious Son!
Yet I can punish him, as you do me.
Leonidas, there is no jesting with
My will: I ne'er had done so much to gain
A Crown, but to be absolute in all Things.
Amal. O, Sir, be not so much a King, as to
Forget you are a Father: Soft Indulgence
Becomes that Name. Though Nature gives you Pow'r,
To bind his Duty, 'tis with silken Bonds:
Command him, then, as you command your self:
He is as much a part of you, as are

Your

Your Appetite, and Will, and thoſe you force not,
But gently Bend, and make 'em pliant to your *Reaſon*.
Poly. It may be I have us'd too rough a way:
Forgive me, my *Leonidas*; I know
I lie as open to the guſts of paſſion,
As the bare Shore to every beating Surge:
I will not force thee now; but I intreat thee,
Abſolve a Father's vow, to this fair Virgin:
A vow, which hopes of having ſuch a Son
Firſt caus'd.
Leon. Shew not my diſobedience by your Pray'rs,
For I muſt ſtill deny you, though I now
Appear more guilty to my ſelf, then you,
I have ſome reaſons, which I cannot utter,
That force my diſobedience; yet I mourn
To death, that the firſt thing you e're injoyn'd me,
Should be that only one command in Nature
Which I could not obey.
Poly. I did deſcend too much below my ſelf
When I intreated him. Hence, to thy Deſart,
Thou'rt not my Son, or art not fit to be.
Amal. Great Sir, I humbly beg you, make not me [*kneeling.*
The cauſe of your diſpleaſure. I abſolve
Your vow: far, far from me, be ſuch deſigns;
So wretched a deſire of being great,
By making him unhappy. You may ſee
Something ſo noble in the Prince his nature,
As grieves him more not to obey, than you
That you are not obey'd.
Poly. ——— Then, for your ſake,
I'll give him one day longer to conſider
Not to deny; for my reſolves are firm
As fate, that cannot change. [*Exeunt King and* Amal.
Leon. ——— ——— And ſo are mine.
This beauteous Princeſs, charming as ſhe is,
Could never make me happy: I muſt firſt
Be falſe to my *Palmyra*, and then wretched.
But, then, a Father's anger!
Suppoſe he ſhould recede from his own vow,
He never will permit me to keep mine.

Enter Palmyra; Argaleon *following her a little after.*

See, ſhe appears!
I'll think no more of any thing, but her.
Yet I have one our good e're I am wretched.
But, Oh! *Argaleon* follows her! So night

Treads on the foot-ſteps of a Winter's Sun,
And ſtalks all black behind him.
Palm. ——————— O *Leonidas*,
(For I muſt call you ſtill that dear name)
Free me from this bad Man.
Leon. I hope he dares not be injurious to you.
Arga. I rather was injurious to my ſelf,
Than her.
Leon. That muſt be judg'd when I hear what you ſaid.
Arga. I think you need not give your ſelf that trouble;
It concern'd us alone.
Leon. You anſwer ſawcily, and indirectly:
What intreſt can you pretend in her?
Arga. It may be, Sir, I made her ſome expreſſions
Which I would not repeat, becauſe they were
Below my rank, to one of hers.
Leon. What did he ſay, *Palmyra*?
Palm. I'll tell you all: Firſt he began to look,
And then he ſigh'd, and then he look'd again;
At laſt, he ſaid my Eyes wounded his Heart:
And, after that, he talk'd of flames and fires;
And ſuch ſtrange words, that I believ'd he conjur'd.
Leon. O my heart! Leave me, *Argaleon*.
Arga. Come, ſweet *Palmyra*,
I will inſtruct you better in my meaning:
You ſee he would be private.
Leon. ——— ——— Go your ſelf,
And leave her here.
Arga. ——————— Alas, ſhe's ignorant,
And is not fit to entertain a Prince.
Leon. Firſt, learn what's fit for you; that's to obey.
Arga. I know my Duty is to wait on you.
A great Kings Son, like you, ought to forget
Such mean converſe!
Leon. ——————— What? A diſputing Subject?
Hence; or my Sword ſhall do me juſtice on thee.
Arga. Yet I may find a time—— ——— [*Going*
Leon. ——— What's that you mutter, [*Going after him.*
To find a time?
Arga. ——————— To wait on you again ———
(*Softly.*) In the mean while I'll watch you.
[*Exit, and watches during the Scene.*
Leon. How precious are the hours of Love in Courts!
In Cottages, where Love has all the day,
Full, and at eaſe, he throws it half away.
Time gives himſelf, and is not valu'd, there;
But ſells, at mighty rates, each minute here.

There

There, he is lazy, unimploy'd, and slow;
Here, he's more swift; and yet has more to do.
So many of his hours in publick move,
That few are left for privacy, and Love.

Palm. The Sun, methinks, shines faint and dimly here,
Light is not half so long, nor half so clear.
But Oh! when every day was yours and mine,
How early up! what haste he made to shine!

Leon. Such golden days no Prince must hope to see;
Whose ev'ry Subject is more bless'd than he.

Palm. Do you remember, when their tasks were done,
How all the Youth did to our Cottage run?
While Winter-winds were whistling loud without,
Our chearful Hearth was circled round about:
With strokes in ashes Maids their Lovers drew;
And still you fell to me, and I to you.

Leon. When Love did of my heart possession take,
I was so young, my Soul was scarce awake:
I cannot tell when first I thought you fair;
But suck'd in Love insensibly as Air.

Palm. I know too well when first my Love began,
When, at our Wake, you for the Chaplet ran:
Then I was made the Lady of the May,
And with the Garland at the Goal did stay:
Still, as you ran, I kept you full in view;
I hop'd, and wish'd, and ran, methought, for you.
As you came near, I hastily did rise,
And stretch'd my arm out-right, that held the Prize.
The custome was to kiss whom I should Crown:
You kneel'd; and, in my Lap, your head laid down.
I blush'd, and blush'd, and did the kiss delay:
At last, my Subjects forc'd me to obey;
But, when I gave the Crown, and then the kiss,
I scarce had breath to say, Take that ——— and this.

Leon. I felt, the while, a pleasing kind of smart;
The kiss went, tingling to my heart.
When it was gone, the sence of it did stay
The sweetness cling'd upon my Lips all day,
Like drops of Honey, loth to fall away.

Palm. Life, like a Prodigal, gave all his store
To my first youth, and now can give no more.
You are a Prince; and, in that high degree,
No longer must converse with humble me.

Leon. 'Twas to my loss the Gods that Title gave;
A Tyrant's Son is doubly born a Slave:
He gives a Crown; but, to prevent my Life
From being happy, loads it with a Wife.

Palm.

Palm. Speak quickly; what have you resolv'd to do?

Leon. To keep my Faith inviolate to you.
He threatens me with Exile, and with shame,
To lose my Birth-right and a Prince his name;
But there's a Blessing which he did not mean,
To send me back to Love and You again.

Palm. Why was not I a Princess for your sake?
But Heav'n no more such Miracles can make:
And, since that cannot, this must never be;
You shall not lose a Crown for love of me.
Live happy, and a nobler Choice pursue;
I shall complain of Fate; but not of you.

Leon. Can you so easily without me live?
Or could you take the counsul which you give?
Were you a Princess, would you not be true?

Palm. I would; but cannot merit it from you.

Leon. Did you not merit, as you do, my heart;
Love gives esteem: and then it gives desart.
But if I basely could forget my vow,
Poor helpless Innocence, what would you do?

Palm. In Woods, and Plains, where first my love began,
There would I live, retir'd from faithless man:
I'd sit all day within some lonely shade,
Or that close Arbor which your hands have made:
I'd search the Groves, and ev'ry Tree, to find
Where you had carv'd our names upon the rind:
Your Hook, your Scrip, all that was yours, I'd keep,
And lay 'em by me when I went to sleep.
Thus would I live: and Maidens when I die,
Upon my Hearse white True-love-knots should tie:
And thus my Tomb should be inscrib'd above,
Here the forsaken Virgin rests from Love.

Leon. Think not that time or fate shall e'r divide
Those Hearts, which Love and mutual Vows have ty'd,
But we must part; farewel, my Love.

Palm. ——— — — — Till when?

Leon. Till the next age of hours we meet agen.
Mean time ——— we may,
When near each other we in publick stand,
Contrive to catch a look, or steal a hand:
Fancy will every touch, and glance improve;
And draw the most spirituous parts of Love.
Our Souls sit close, and silently within;
And their own Web from their own Intrals spin.
And when Eyes meet far off, our sense is such,
That, Spider-like, we feel the tender'st touch. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Rhodophil, *meeting* Doralice *and* Artemis. Rhodophil *and* Doralice *embrace.*

Rho. MY own dear heart!

Dor. My own true Love! [*She ſtarts back.* I had forgot my ſelf, to be ſo kind; Indeed I am very angry with you, dear; you are come home an hour after you appointed: If you had ſtaid a minute longer, I was juſt conſidering, whether I ſhould ſtab, hang, or drown my ſelf. [*Embracing him.*

Rho. Nothing but the King's Buſineſs could have hinder'd me; and I was ſo vex'd, that I was juſt laying down my Commiſſion, rather than have fail'd my Dear. [*Kiſſing her Hand.*

Arte. Why, this is Love as it ſhould be, betwixt Man and Wife: Such another Couple would bring Marriage into Faſhion again. But is it always thus betwixt you!

Rho. Always thus! this is nothing. I tell you there is not ſuch a pair of Turtles in all *Sicily*; there is ſuch an eternal Cooing and Kiſſing betwixt us, that indeed it is ſcandalous before civil Company.

Dor. Well, if I had imagin'd I ſhould have been this fond Fool, I would never have marry'd the Man I lov'd: I marry'd to be happy; and have made my ſelf miſerable, by over-loving. Nay, and now, my Caſe is deſperate; for I have been marry'd above theſe two years, and find my ſelf every day worſe and worſe in Love: Nothing but Madneſs can be the end on't.

Arte. Doat on, to the extremity, and you are happy.

Dor. He deſerves ſo infinitely much, that, the truth is, there can be no doating in the matter; but to love well, I confeſs, is a Work that pays it ſelf: 'Tis telling Gold, and after taking it for ones pains.

Rho. By that I ſhould be a very covetous Perſon; for I am ever pulling out my Mony and putting it into my Pocket again.

Dor. O dear *Rhodophil*!

Rho. O ſweet *Doralice*! [*Embracing each other.*

Arte. (*Aſide*) Nay, I'm reſolv'd, I'll never interrupt Lovers: I'll leave 'em as happy as I found 'em. [*Steals away.*

Rho. What, is ſhe gone; [*Looking up.*

Dor. Yes; and without taking leave.

Rho Then there's enough for this time. [*Parting from her.*

Dor. Yes ſure the Scen's done, I take it.

They walk contrary ways on the Stage; he with his Hands in his Pocket, whiſtling: She, ſinging a dull melancholy Tune.

Rho.

Rho. Pox o'your dull Tune, a Man can't think for you.

Dor. Pox o'your damn'd whistling; you can neither be Company to me your self, nor leave me to the freedom of my one Fancy.

Rho. Well, thou art the most provoking Wife!

Dor. Well, thou art the dullest Husband, thou art never to be provok'd.

Rho. I was never thought dull till I marry'd thee; and now thou hast made an old knife of me, thou hast whetted me so long, till I have no edge left.

Dor. I see you are in the Husbands Fashion; you reserve all your good Humours for your Mistresses, and keep your ill for your Wives.

Rho. Prithee leave me to my own Cogitations; I am thinking over all my Sins, to find for which of them I marry'd thee.

Dor. Whatever your Sin was, mine's the Punishment.

Rho My Comfort is, thou art not Immortal; and when that blessed, that Divine day comes, of thy departure, I'm resolv'd I'll make one Holy-day more in the Almanack, for thy sake.

Dor. Ay, you had need make a Holy-day for me, for I am sure you have made me a Martyr.

Rho. Then setting my victorious Foot upon thy Head, in the first hour of thy silence, (that is, the first hour thou art dead, for I despair of it before,) I will swear by the Ghost, an Oath as terrible to me, as *Styx* is to the Gods, never more to be in the danger of the Banes of Matrimony.

Dor. And I am resolv'd to marry the very same day thou dy'st, if it be to shew how little I'm concern'd for thee.

Rho. Prithee, *Doralice*, why do we quarrel thus a-days? Ha! this is but a kind of Heathenish Life, and does not answer the ends of Marriage. If I have err'd, propound what reasonable Atonement may be made, before we sleep, and I shall not be refractory: But withal consider, I have been marry'd these three years, and be not too Tyrannical.

Dor. Why should you talk of a Peace a-bed, when you can give no Security for Performance of Articles?

Rho. Then, since we must Live together, and both of us stand upon our Terms, as to the matter of dying first, let us make our selves as merry as we can with our Misfortunes.

Why there's the Devil on't! if thou couldst make my enjoying thee but a little less easie, or but a little more unlawful, thou shouldst see what a Termagant Lover I would prove. I have taken such pains to enjoy thee, *Doralice*, that I have fanci'd thee all the fine Women in the Town, to help me out: But now there's none left for me to think on, my Imagination is quite jaded. Thou art a Wife, and thou wilt be a Wife, and I can make the another no longer. [*Exit* Rhodophil.

Dor. Well, since thou art a Husband, and wilt be a Husband, I'll try if I can find out another! 'Tis a pretty time we Women have on't, to be made Widows, while we are marry'd. Our Husbands think it reasonable to complain, that we are the same, and the same to them; when we have more reason to complain, that they are not the same to us:

Because

Becauſe they cannot feed on one Diſh, therefore wee muſt be ſtarv'd. 'Tis enough that they have a ſufficient Ordinary provided, and a Table ready ſpread for 'em: If they cannot fall to and Eat heartily, the fault is theirs; and 'tis pity, me thinks, that the good Creature ſhould be loſt, when many a poor Sinner would be glad on't.

Enter Melantha, *and* Artemis *to her.*

Mel. Dear, my Dear, pity me; I am ſo chagrin to day, and have had the moſt ſignal affront at Court! I went this Afternoon to do my devoir to Princeſs *Amalthea*, found her, Convers'd with her, and help'd to make her Court ſome half an hour; after which, ſhe went to take the Air, choſe out two Ladies to go with her, that came in after me, and left me moſt barbarouſly behind her.

Arte. You are the leſs to be piti'd *Melantha*, becauſe you ſubject your ſelf to theſe Affronts, by coming perpetually to Court, where you have no Buſineſs nor Employment.

Mel. I declare, I had rather of the two, be *rally'd*, nay, *maltraitte* at Court, then be Deifi'd in the Town; for, aſſuredly, nothing can be ſo *Ridicule*, as a meer Town-Lady.

Dor. Eſpecially at Court. How I have ſeen 'em crowd and ſweat in the Drawing Room, on a Holiday-Night! for that's their time to ſwarm, and invade the Preſence. O, how they catch at a Bow, or any little Salute from a Courtier, to make ſhew of their Acquaintance! and rather then be thought to be quite unknown, they Court'ſie to one another; but they take true pains to come near the Circle, and preſs and peep upon the Princeſs, to write Letters into the Country how ſhe was dreſs'd, while the Ladies that ſtand about make their Court to her with abuſing them.

Arte. Theſe are ſad Truths, *Melantha*; and therefore I would e'en adviſe you to quit the Court, and live either wholly in the Town; or, if you like not that, in the Country.

Dor. In the Country! nay, that's to fall beneath the Town; for they live there upon our offals here: Their entertainment of Wit, is only the remembrance of what they had when they were laſt in Town; they live this year upon laſt years Knowledge, as their Cattel do all Night, by chewing the Cud of what they Eat in the Afternoon.

Mel. And they tell for News, ſuch unlikely Stories; a Letter from one of us is ſuch a preſent to 'em, that the poor Souls wait for the Carriers day with ſuch Devotion, that they cannot ſleep the Night before.

Arte. No more then I can, the Night before I am to go a Journey.

Dor. Or I, before I am to try on a new Gown.

Mel. A Song that's ſtale here, will be new there a Twelvemonth hence; and if a Man of the Town by chance come amongſt 'em, he's Reverenced for Teaching 'em the Tune.

Dor. A Friend of mine, who makes Songs ſometimes, came lately out of the Weſt, and vow'd he was ſo put out of Countenance with a

Song of his; for at the first Country Gentleman's he visited, he saw three Tailors cross Legg'd upon the Table in the Hall, who were tearing out as loud as ever they could Sing.

——— *After the Pangs of a desperate Lover,* &c.

and all that day he heard nothing else, but the Daughters of the House and the Maids, humming it over in every Corner, and the Father whistling it.

Arte. Indeed I have observ'd of my self, that when I am out of Town but a Fortnight, I am so humble, that I would receive a Letter from my Tailor or Mercer for a Favour.

Mel. When I have been at Grass in the Summer, and am new come up again, methinks I am to be turn'd into *Ridicule* by all that see me; but when I have been once or twice at Court, I begin to value my self again, and to despise my Country Acquaintance.

Arte. There are places where all People may be ador'd, and we ought to know our selves so well as to chuse 'em.

Dor. That's very true; your little Courtiers Wife, who speaks to the King but once a Month, need but go to a Town-Lady, and there she may Vapour, and cry, *The King and I,* at every Word. Your Town-Lady, who is Laugh'd at in the Circle, takes her Coach into the City, and there she's called your Honour, and has a Banquet from the Merchant's Wife, whom she Laughs at for her kindness. And, as for my finical Cit, she removes but to her Country House, and there insults over the Country Gentlewoman that never comes up; who Treats her with Furmity and Custard, and opens her dear Bottle of *Mirabilis* beside, for a Jill-Glass of it at parting.

Arte. At last, I see, we shall leave *Melantha* where we found her; for, by your Description of the Town and Country, they are become more dreadful to her, then the Court, where she was affronted. But you forget we are to wait on the Princess *Amalthea.* Come, *Doralice.*

Dor. Farewel, *Melantha.*

Mel. Adieu, my dear.

Arte. You are out of Charity wi.. her, and therefore I shall not give your Service.

Mel. Do not omit it, I beseech you; for I have such a tender for the Court, that I Love it even from the Drawing-Room to the Lobby, and can never be *rebutée* by any usage. But hark you, my Dears, one thing I had forgot of great Concernment.

Dor. Quickly then, we are in haste.

Mel. Do not call it my Service, that's too vulgar; but do my *Baise Mains* to the Princess *Amalthea,* that is *Spirituelle!*

Dor. To do you Service then, we will *prendre* the *Carrosse* to Court, and to do your *Baise Mains* to the Princess *Amalthea,* in your Phrase *Spirituellée.* [*Exeunt* Artemis *and* Doralice.

Enter

Enter Philotis, *with a Paper in her hand.*

Mel. O, are you there, Minion? And, well, are not you a moſt precious Damſel, to retard all my viſits for want of language, when you know you are paid ſo well for furniſhing me with new words for my daily converſation? Let me die, if I have not run the riſque already, to ſpeak like one of the vulgar; and if I have one phraſe left in all my ſtore that is not thread-bare *& uſé*, and fit for nothing but to be thrown to Peaſants.

Phil. Indeed, Madam, I have been very diligent in my vocation; but you have ſo drain'd all the *French* Plays and Romances, that they are not able to ſupply you with words for your daily expences.

Mel. Drain'd! what a word's there? *Epuiſée*, you Sot you. Come, produce your Morning's work.

Phil. 'Tis here, Madam. [*Shews the Paper.*

Mel. O, my *Venus*! fourteen or fifteen words to ſerve me a whole day! Let me die, at this rate I cannot laſt till night. Come, read your works: twenty to one half of them will not paſs muſter neither.

Phil. Sottiſes. [*Reads.*

Mel. Sottiſes: bon. That's an excellent word to begin withal: as for example; He, or ſhe, ſaid a thouſand *Sottiſes* to me. Proceed.

Phil. Figure: as what a figure of a Man is there!

Naive, and *Naiveté*.

Mel. Naive! as how?

Phil. Speaking of a thing that was naturally ſaid; It was ſo *naive:* or ſuch an innocent piece of ſimplicity; 'twas ſuch a *naiveté*.

Mel. Truce with your interpretations: make haſte.

Phil. Foible, Chagrin, Grimace, Embarraſſe, Double entendre, Equivoque, Eſclairciſſement, Suitté, Beveue, Facon, Panchunt, Coup d'etourdy, and *Ridicule.*

Mel. Hold, hold; how did they begin?

Phil. They began at *Sottiſes*, and ended *en Ridicule.*

Mel. Now give me your Paper in my hand, and hold you my Glaſs, while I practiſe my poſtures for the day.

[Melantha *laughs in the Glaſs!*

How does that laugh become my face?

Phil. Sovereignly well, Madam.

Mel. Sovereignly! Let me die, that's not amiſs. That word ſhall not be yours; I'll invent it, and bring it up my ſelf: my new Point-Gorget ſhall be yours upon't: not a word of the word, I charge you.

Phil. I am dumb, Madam.

Mel. That glance, how ſutes it with my face?

[*Looking in the Glaſs again.*

Phil. 'Tis ſo *languiſſant.*

Mel. Languiſſant! that word ſhall be mine too, and my laſt *Indian-Gown* thine for't.

That ſigh? [*Looks again.*

Phil. 'Twill make many a man ſigh, Madam. 'Tis a meer *Incendiary*.

Mel. Take my Gimp Petticoat for that truth. If thou haſt more of theſe phraſes, let me die but I could give away all my Wardrobe, and go naked for 'em.

Phil. Go naked? then you would be a *Venus*, Madam. O *Jupiter!* what had I forgot? this Paper was given me by *Rhodophil*'s Page.

Mel. (*Reading the Letter.*) ——Beg the favour from you ——— Gratifie my Paſſion———ſo far——— aſſignation———in the Grot-to———behind the Terras——— clock this Evening———Well, for the *Billets doux* there's no man in *Sicily* muſt diſpute with *Rhodophil*; they are ſo *French*, ſo *gallant*, and ſo *tendre*, that I cannot reſiſt the temptation of the aſſignation. Now go you away, *Philotis*; it imports me to practiſe what I ſhall ſay to my Servant when I meet him.

Exit Philotis.

Rhodophil, you'll wonder at my aſſurance to meet you here; let me die, I am ſo out of breath with coming, that I can render you no reaſon of it. Then he will make this *repartee*; Madam, I have no reaſon to accuſe you for that which is ſo great a favour to me. Then I reply, But why have you drawn me to this ſolitary place? Let me die, but I am apprehenſive of ſome violence from you. Then, ſays he; Solitude Madam, is moſt fit for Lovers; but by this fair Hand———. Nay, now I vow you're rude, Sir. O fie, fie, fie; I hope you'll be honourable?——You'd laugh at me if I ſhould, Madam——What do you mean to throw me down thus? Ah me! ha, ha, ha.

Enter Polydamus, Leonidas, *and Guards.*

O *Venus*! the King and Court. Let me die, but I fear they have found my *foible*, and will turn me into *ridicule*. [*Exit running*

Leon. Sir, I beſeech you.

Poly. ——————Do not urge my patience.

Leon. I'll not deny,
But what your Spies inform'd you of, is true:
I love this fair *Palmyra*; but I lov'd her
Before I knew your title to my bloud.

Enter Palmyra, *guarded.*

See, here ſhe comes; and looks, amidſt her Guards,
Like a weak Dove under the Falcon's gripe.
O Heav'n, I cannot bear it.

Poly. ——————Maid come hither.
Have you preſum'd ſo far, as to receive
My Son's affection?

Palm. Alas, what ſhall I anſwer? to confeſs it,
Will raiſe a bluſh upon a Virgin's face;
Yet I was ever taught 'twas baſe to lye.

Poly.

Poly. You've been too bold, and you muſt love no more.
Palm. Indeed I muſt; I cannot help my love;
I was ſo tender when I took the bent,
That now I grow that way.
Poly. He is a Prince; and you are meanly born.
Leon. Love either finds equality, or makes it:
Like death, he knows no difference in degrees,
But plains, and levels all.
Palm. Alas, I had not render'd up my heart,
Had he not lov'd me firſt; but he preferr'd me
Above the Maidens of my age and rank;
Still ſhun'd their company, and ſtill ſought mine;
I was not won by gifts, yet ſtill he gave;
And all his gifts, though ſmall, yet ſpoke his love.
He pick'd the earlieſt Strawberries in Woods,
The cluſter'd Filberds, and purple Grapes:
He taught a prating Stare to ſpeak my name;
And when he found a Neſt of Nightingales,
Or callow Linnets, he would ſhew 'em me,
And let me take 'em out.
Poly. This is a little Miſtreſs, meanly born,
Fit only for a Prince his vacant hours,
And then, to laugh at her ſimplicity,
Not fix a paſſion there. Now hear my ſentence.
Leon. Remember, ere you give it, 'tis pronounc'd
Againſt us both.
Poly. Firſt, in her Hand
There ſhall be plac'd a Player's painted Sceptre;
And, on her Head, a gilded Pageant Crown;
Thus ſhall ſhe go,
With all the Boys attending on her Triumph:
That done, be put alone into a Boat,
With Bread and Water only for three days,
So on the Sea ſhe ſhall be ſet adrift,
And who relieves her, dies.
Palm. I only beg that you would execute
The laſt part firſt: Let me be put to *Sea*;
The Bread and Water, for my three days life,
I give you back, I would not live ſo long;
But let me ſcape the ſhame.
Leon. Look to me, Piety; and you, O Gods, look to my Piety:
Keep me from ſaying that which miſbecomes a Son;
But let me die before I ſee this done.
Poly. If you for ever will abjure her ſight,
I can be yet a Father; ſhe ſhall live.
Leon. Hear, O you Pow'rs, is this to be a Father?
I ſee 'tis all my happineſs and quiet

You

You aim at, Sir; and take 'em:
I will not ſave ev'n my *Palmyra*'s life
At that ignoble price; but I'll die with her.
Palm. So had I done by you,
Had Fate made me a Princeſs: Death, methinks,
Is not a terrour now;
He is not fierce, or grim, but fawns, and ſooths me,
And ſlides along, like *Cleopatra*'s Aſpick,
Off'ring his Service to my troubled breaſt.
Leon. Begin what you have purpos'd when you pleaſe,
Lead her to ſcorn, your triumph ſhall be doubled.
As holy Prieſts
In pity go with dying Malefactors,
So will I ſhare her ſhame.
Poly. You ſhall not have your will ſo much; firſt part 'em,
Then execute your Office.
Leon. ——— No; I'll die
In her defence. [*Draws his Sword.*
Palm. ——— Ah, hold, and pull not on
A curſe, to make me worthy of my death:
Do not by lawleſs force oppoſe your Father,
Whom you have too much diſobey'd for me.
Leon. Here, take it, Sir, and with it, pierce my heart;
[*Preſenting his Sword to his Father upon his knees*
You have done more, in taking my *Palmyra*.
You are my Father, therefore I ſubmit.
Poly. Keep him from any thing he may deſign
Againſt his life. whilſt the firſt fury laſts;
And now perform what I commanded you.
Leon. In vain; if Sword and Poyſon be deny'd me,
I'll hold my breath and die.
Palm. Farewel, my laſt *Leonidas*; yet live,
I charge you live, till you believe me dead.
I cannot die in peace, if you die firſt.
If life's a bleſſing, you ſhall have it laſt.
Poly. Go on with her, and lead him after me.

Enter Argaleon *haſtily, with* Hermogenes.

Arga. I bring you, Sir, ſuch news as muſt amaze you,
And ſuch as will prevent you from an action
Which would have rendred all your life unhappy.
Poly. Hermogenes, you bend your knees, in vain,
[Hermogenes *kneels.*
My doom's already paſt.
Her. I kneel not for *Palmyra*, for I know
She will not need my pray'rs; but for my ſelf:
With a feign'd tale I have abus'd your ears,

And

And therefore merit Death; but ſince, unforc'd,
I firſt accuſe my ſelf, I hope your Mercy.
Poly. Haſte to explain your meaning.
Her. Then, in few Words, *Palmyra* is your Daughter.
Poly. How can I give belief to this Impoſtor?
He who once has abus'd me, often may.
I'll hear no more.
Arga. —— For your own ſake, you muſt.
Her. A Parent's love (for I confeſs my Crime)
Mov'd me to ſay, *Leonidas* was yours;
But when I heard *Palmyra* was to Die,
The fear of guiltleſs bloud ſo ſtung my Conſcience,
That I reſolv'd, ev'n with my ſhame, to ſave
Your Daughter's life.
Poly. But how can I be certain, but that Intereſt
Which mov'd you firſt to ſay your Son was mine,
Does not now move you too, to ſave your Daughter?
Her. You had but then my Word; I bring you now
Authentick Teſtimonies. Sir, in ſhort,
[*Delivers on his knees a Jewel, and a Letter.*
If this will not convince you, let me ſuffer.
Poly. I know the Jewel well; 'twas once my Mother's,
[*Looking firſt on the Jewel.*
Which Marrying, I preſented to my Wife.
And this, O this, is my *Eudocia's* Hand.
This was the Pledge of Love given to Eudocia, [Reads.
Who, dying, to her young Palmyra *leaves it:*
And this when you, my deareſt Lord, receive,
Own her, and think on me, dying Eudocia.
Take it; 'tis well there is no more to Read, [*To* Argaleon.
My Eyes grow full, and ſwim in there own light. [*He embraces* Palmyra.
Palm. I fear, Sir, this is your intended Pageant.
You ſport your ſelf at poor *Palmyra's* coſt;
But if you think to make me Proud,
Indeed I cannot be ſo: I was born,
With humble Thoughts, and lowly, like my Birth.
A real Fortune could not make me haughty,
Much leſs a feign'd.
Poly. —— This was her Mother's Temper.
I have too much deſerv'd thou ſhouldſt ſuſpect
That I am not thy Father; but my Love
Shall henceforth ſhew I am. Behold my Eyes,
And ſee a Father there begin to flow:
This is not feign'd, *Palmyra.*
Palm. I doubt no longer, Sir, you are a King.
And cannot Lye: Falſhood's a Vice too baſe
To find a Room in any Royal Breaſt;

I know, in ſpight of my Unworthineſs,
I am your Child; for when you would have kill 'dme,
Methought I lov'd you then.

Arga. Sir, we forgot the Prince *Leonidas*,
His greatneſs ſhould not ſtand neglected thus.

Poly. Guards, you may now retire: Give him his Sword,
And leave him free.

Leon. Then the firſt uſe I make of Liberty
Shall be, with your permiſſion, mighty Sir
To pay that Reverence to which Nature binds me. [*Kneels to* Herm.

Arga. Sure you forget your Birth, thus to miſplace
This act of your Obedience; you ſhould kneel
To nothing but to Heav'n and to a King.

Leon. I never ſhall forget what Nature owes,
Nor be aſham'd to pay it; though my Father
Be not a King, I know him brave and honeſt,
And well deſerving of a worthier Son.

Poly. He bears it gallantly.

Leon. Why would you not inſtruct me, Sir, before [*To* Herm.
Where I ſhould place my Duty?
From which, if Ignorance have made me ſwerve,
I beg your Pardon for an erring Son.

Palm. I almoſt grieve I am a Princeſs ſince
It makes him loſe a Crown.

Leon. And next, to you, my King, thus low I Kneel,
T' implore your Mercy; if in that ſmall time
I had the Honour to be thought your Son,
I pay'd not ſtrict Obedience to your Will:
I thought, indeed, I ſhould not be compell'd,
But thought it as your Son; ſo what I took
In Duty from you, I reſtor'd in courage;
Becauſe your Son ſhould not be forc'd.

Poly. You have my Pardon for it.

Leon. To you, fair Princeſs, I Congratulate
Your Birth; of which I ever thought you Worthy:
And give me leave to add, that I am Proud
The Gods have pick'd me out to be the Man
By whoſe dejected Fate yours is to riſe;
Becauſe no Man could more deſire you Fortune,
Or franklier part with his to make you great.

Palm. I know the King, though you are not his Son,
Will ſtill regard you as my Foſter-Brother,
And ſo conduct you downward from a Throne,
By ſlow degrees, ſo unperceiv'd and ſoft,
That it may ſeem no fall; or, if it be
May Fortune lay a Bed of Down beneath you.

Poly. He ſhall be rank'd with my Nobility,
And kept from ſcorn by a large Penſion giv'n him.

Leon.

Leon. You are all great and Royal in your Gifts; [*Bowing.*
But at the Donor's Feet I lay 'em down:
Should I take Riches from you, it would seem
As I did want a Soul to bear that Poverty
To which the Gods design'd my humble Birth:
And should I take your Honours without merit,
It would appear, I wanted Manly courage
To hope 'em, in your Service, from my Sword.
Poly. Still brave, and like your self.
The Court shall shine this Night in its full Splendor,
And Celebrate this new discovery.
Argaleon, lead my Daughter: As we go
I shall have time to give her my Commands,
In which you are concern'd. [*Exeunt all but* Leonidas.
Leon. Methinks I do not want
That huge long Train of fawning followers,
That swept a Furlong after me.
'Tis true, I am alone;
So was the Godhead ere he made the World,
And better serv'd Himself, than serv'd by Nature,
And yet I have a Soul
Above this humble Fate; I could command,
Love to do good, give largely to true merit;
All that a King should do: But though these are not
My Province, I have seen enough within
To exercise my Virtue.
All that a Heart, so fix'd as mine, can move,
Is, that my niggard Fortune starves my Love. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Palamede *and* Doralice *meet: She with a Book in her Hand, seems to start at Sight of him*

Dor. 'Tis a strange thing that no warning will serve your turn; and that no retirement will secure me from your impertinent addresses! Did not I tell you, that I was to be private here at my Devotions?

Pala. Yes; and you see I have observ'd my Cue exactly: I am come to relieve you from them. Come, shut up, shut up your Book; the man's come who is to supply all your necessities.

Dor. Then it seems, you are so impudent to think it was an assignation? This, I warrant, was your lewd interpretation of my innocent meaning.

Pala. *Venus* forbid that I should harbour so unreasonable a thought of

a fair young Lady, that you ſhould lead me hither into temptation. I confeſs I might think indeed it was a kind of honourable challenge, to meet privately without Seconds, and decide the difference betwixt the two Sexes; but Heaven forgive me if I thought amiſs.

Dor. You thought too, I'll lay my life on't, that you might as well make love to me, as my Husband does to your Miſtreſs.

Pala. I was ſo unreaſonable to think ſo too.

Dor. And then you wickedly inferr'd, that there was ſome juſtice in the revenge of it: or at leaſt but little injury; for a man to endeavour to enjoy that, which he accounts a bleſſing, and which is not valu'd as it ought by the dull poſſeſſor. Confeſs your wickedneſs, did you not think ſo?

Pala. I confeſs I was thinking ſo, as faſt as I could; but you think ſo much before me, that you will let me think nothing.

Dor. 'Tis the very thing that I deſign'd: I have foreſtall'd all your arguments, and left you without a word more, to plead for mercy. If you have any thing farther to offer, ere Sentence paſs ——— Poor Animal! I brought you hither only for my diverſion.

Pala. That you may have, if you'll make uſe of me the right way; but I tell thee, Woman, I am now paſt talking.

Dor. But it may be, I came hither to hear what fine things you could ſay for your ſelf.

Pala. You would be very angry, to my knowledge, if I ſhould loſe ſo much time to ſay many of 'em — By this Hand you would———

Dor. Fie, *Palamede*, I am a Woman of honour.

Pala. I ſee you are; you have kept touch with your aſſignation, and before we part, you ſhall find that I am a man of honour——— yet I have one ſcruple of conſcience———————

Dor. I warrant you will not want ſome naughty argument or other to ſatisfie your ſelf———— I hope you are afraid of betraying your friend?

Pala. Of betraying my friend! I am more afraid of being betray'd by you to my friend. You women now are got into the way of telling firſt your ſelves; A man who has any care of his Reputation will be loath to truſt it with you.

Dor. O you charge you faults upon our Sex: You men are like Cocks, you never make love, but you clap your wings, and crow when you have done.

Pala. Nay, rather you Women are like Hens; you never lay, but you cackle an hour after, to diſcover your Neſt —— But I'll venture it for once.

Dor. To convince you that you are in the wrong, I'll retire into the dark Grotto, to my devotion, and make ſo little noiſe, that it ſhall be impoſſible for you to find me.

Pala. But if I find you———

Dor. Ay, if you find me ——— But I'll put you to ſearch in more corners than you imagine. [*She runs in, and he after her.*

Enter.

Enter Rhodophil *and* Melantha.

Mel. Let me die, but this ſolitude, and that Grotto are ſcandalous; I'll go no further; beſides, you have a ſweet Lady of your own.

Rho. But a ſweet Miſtreſs, now and then, makes my ſweet Lady ſo much more ſweet.

Mel. I hope you will not force me?

Rho. But I will, if you deſire it.

Pala. (*Within.*) Where the Devil are you, Madam? S'death I begin to be weary of this hide and ſeek: If you ſtay a little longer, till the fit's over, I'll hide in my turn, and put you to the finding of me.

He enters, and ſees Rhodophil *and* Melantha

How, *Rhodophil* and my Miſtreſs!

Mel. My Servant to apprehend me! this is *Suprenant au dernier.*

Rho. I muſt on; there's nothing but impudence can help me out.

Pala. Rhodophil, How came you hither in ſo good company?

Rho. As you ſee, *Palamede*; an effect of pure friendſhip; I was not able to live without you.

Pala. But what makes my Miſtreſs with you?

Rho. Why, I heard you were here alone, and could not in civility but bring her to you.

Mel. You'll pardon the effects of a paſſion which I may now avow for you, if it tranſported me beyond the rules of *bien ſeance.*

Pala. But who told you I was here? they that told you that, may tell you more, for ought I know.

Rho. O, for that matter, we had intelligence.

Pala. But let me tell you, we came hither ſo privately, that you could not trace us.

Rho. Us? what us? you are alone.

Pala. Us! the Devil's in me for miſtaking: I meant. Or us; that is, you are me, or I you, as we are friends: that's us.

Dor. Palamede, Palamede. [*Within.*

Rho. I ſhould know that voice? who's within there, that calls you?

Pala. Faith I can't imagine; I beleive that place is haunted.

Dor. Palamede. Palamede, All-cocks hidden. [*Within.*

Pala. Lord, lord, what ſhall I do? Well, dear friend, to let you ſee I ſcorn to be jealous, and that I dare truſt my Miſtreſs with you, take her back for I would not willingly have her frighted, and I am reſolv'd to ſee who's there; I'll not be daunted with a Bug-bear, that's certain: prethee diſpute it not, it ſhall be ſo; nay, do not put me to ſwear, but go quickly: there's an effect of pure friendſhip for you.

Enter Doralice, *and looks amaz'd, ſeeing them.*

Rho. Doralice! I am thunder-ſtruck. to ſee you here.

Pala. So am I! quite thunder-ſtruck. Was it you that call'd me within? (I muſt be impudent.)

Rho. How came you hither, Spouſe?

Pala. Ay, how came you hither? And, which is more, how could you be here without my knowledge?

Dor. (*To her Husband.*) O, Gentleman, have I caught you i'faith! have I broke forth in ambuſh upon you! I thought my ſuſpicions would prove true.

Rho. Suſpicions! this is very fine, Spouſe! Prethee what ſuſpicions?

Dor. O, you feign ignorance: why, of you and *Melantha*; here have I ſtaid this two hours, waiting with all the rage of a paſſionate, loving Wife, but infinitely jealous, to take you two in the manner; for hither I was certain you would come.

Rho. But you are miſtaken, Spouſe, in the occaſion; for we came hither on the purpoſe to find *Palamede*, on intelligence he was gone before.

Pala. I'll be hang'd then if the ſame party who gave you intelligence I was here, did not tell your wife you would come hither: Now I ſmell the malice on't on both ſides.

Dor. Was it ſo, think you? Nay then, I'll confeſs my part of the malice too. As ſoon as ever I ſpi'd my Husband and *Melantha* come together, I had a ſtrange temptation to make him jealous in revenge; and that made me call *Palamede*, *Palamede*, as though there had been an Intrigue between us.

Mel. Nay, I vow, there was an appearance of an Intrigue between us too.

Pala. To ſee how things will come about!

Rho. And was it only thus, my dear *Doralice*? [*Embraces.*

Dor. And did I wrong none, *Rhodophil*, with a falſe ſuſpicion? [*Embracing him.*

Pala. (*Aſide.*) Now I am confident we had all four the ſame deſign: 'Tis a pretty odd kind of game this, where each of us plays for double ſtakes: This is juſt thruſt and parry with the ſame motion; I am to get his Wife, and yet to guard my own Miſtreſs. But I am vilely ſuſpicious, that, while I conquer in the Right Wing, I ſhall be routed in the Left: for both our women will certainly betray their party, becauſe they are each of them for gaining of two, as well as we; and I much fear,

If their Neceſſities and ours were known,
They have more need of two, than we of one.

[*Exeunt, embracing each other.*

ACT

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Leonidas, *musing*, Amalthea *following him.*

Amal. YOnder he is, and I muſt ſpeak or die;
And yet 'tis death to ſpeak; yet he muſt know
I have a paſſion for him, and may know it
With a leſs bluſh; becauſe to offer it
To his low fortunes, ſhews I lov'd before,
His perſon, not his greatneſs
Leon. Firſt ſcorn'd, and now commanded from the Court!
The King is good, but he is wrought to this
By proud *Argaleon*'s malice.
What more diſgrace can Love and Fortune joyn
T'inflict upon one man? I cannot now
Behold my dear *Palmyra*; ſhe, perhaps too,
Is grown aſham'd of a mean ill-plac'd love.
Amal. Aſſiſt me *Venus*, for I tremble when [*Aſide.*
I am to ſpeak, but I muſt force my ſelf.
Sir, I would crave but one ſhort minute with you, [*To him.*
And ſome few words.
Leon. ——— The proud *Argaleon*'s ſiſter! [*Aſide.*
Amal. Alas, it will not out; ſhame ſtops my mouth. [*Aſide.*
Pardon my errour, Sir, I was miſtaken,
And took you for another.
Leon. In ſpight of all his Guards, I'll ſee *Palmyra*; [*Aſide.*
Though meanly born, I have a Kingly Soul yet.
Amal. I ſtand upon a precipice, where fain [*Aſide.*
I would retire, but love ſtill thruſts me on:
Now I grow bolder, and will ſpeak to him.
Sir, 'tis indeed to you that I would ſpeak, [*To him.*
And if ———
Leon. O, you are ſent to ſcorn my fortunes;
Your Sex and Beauty are your priviledge;
But ſhould your Brother ———
Amal. Now he looks angry, and I dare not ſpeak
I had ſome buſineſs with you, Sir.
But 'tis not worth your knowledge.
Leon. Then 'twill be charity to let me mourn
My griefs alone, for I am much diſorder'd.
Amal. 'Twill be more charity to mourn 'em with you:
Heav'n knows I pity you.
Leon. ——— Your pity, Madam,
Is generous, but 'tis unavailable.

Amal.

Amal. You know not till 'tis try'd.
Your Sorrows are no ſecret; you have loſt
A Crown, and Miſtreſs.
Leon. ——— ——— ——Are not theſe enough?
Hang two ſuch Weights on any other Soul,
And ſee if it can bear 'em.
Amal. More; you are baniſh'd, by my Brother's means,
And ne'r muſt hope again to ſee your Princeſs;
Except as Priſ'ners view fair Walks and Streets,
And carleſs paſſengers going by their Grates,
To make 'em feel the want of Liberty.
But, worſe than all,
The King this morning has injoin'd his Daughter
T' accept my Brother's Love.
Leon. ——— ——— Is this your pity?
You aggravate my Griefs, and print 'em deeper
In new and heavier ſtamps.
Amal. 'Tis as Phyſicians ſhew the deſperate ill
T' indear their Art, by mitigating Pains
They cannot wholly cure: When you deſpair
Of all your wiſh, ſome part of it, becauſe
Unhop'd for, may be grateful; and ſome other ———
Leon. What other?
Amal. Some other may ——
My ſhame again has ſeiz'd me' and I can go [*Aſide.*
No farther ——————————
Leon. Theſe often Failings, Sighs, and Interruptions,
Make me imagine you have grief like mine:
Have you ne'r lov'd?
Amal. ——— ——— I? never: 'Tis in vain;
I muſt deſpair in ſilence. [*Aſide.*
Leon. You came, as I ſuſpected then, to mock,
At leaſt obſerve my Griefs: Take it not ill
That I muſt leave you. [*Is going.*
Amal. You muſt not go with theſe unjuſt Opinions.
Command my Life, and Fortunes; you are wiſe:
Think, and think well, what I can do to ſerve you.
Leon. I have but one thing in my Thoughts and Wiſhes:
If by your means I can obtain the ſight
Of my ador'd *Palmyra*; or, what's harder,
One minutes time, to tell her, I die hers. [*She ſtarts back.*
I ſee I am not to expect it from you;
Nor could, indeed, with reaſon.
Amal. Name any other thing: Is *Amalthea*
So deſpicable, ſhe can ſerve your Wiſhes
In this alone?
Leon. ——— ——— ——— ——— If I ſhould ask of Heav'n,
I have no other ſuit.

Amal.

Amal. To ſhew you, then, I can deny you nothing,
Though 'tis more hard to me than any other,
Yet I will do't for you.
Leon. Name quickly, name the means, ſpeak my good Angel.
Amal. Be not ſo much o'rjoy'd, for, if you are,
I'll rather die than do't. This night the Court
Will be in *Maſquerade*;
You ſhall attend on me; in that diſguiſe
You may both ſee and ſpeak to her,
If you dare venture it.
Leon. Yes, were a God her Guardian,
And bore in each hand thunder. I would venture.
Amal. Farewel then; two hours hence I will expect you:
My heart's ſo full, that I can ſtay no longer. [*Exit.*
Leon. Already it grows dusky: I'll prepare
With haſte for my diſguiſe. But who are theſe?

Enter Hermogenes *and* Eubulus.

Her. 'Tis he: we need not fear to ſpeak to him.
Eub. Leonidas.
Leonidas. —— —— —— —— Sure I have known that voice.
Her. You have ſome reaſon, Sir; 'tis *Eubulus*,
Who bred you with the Princeſs: and departing,
Bequeath'd you to my care.
Leon. My Foſter-Father! let my knees expreſs [*Kneeling.*
My joys for your return!
Eub. Riſe, Sir, you muſt not kneel.
Leon. —— —— —— —— E'r ſince you left me,
I have been wand'ring in a maze of fate,
Led by falſe fires of a fantaſtick glory,
And the vain luſtre of imagin'd Crowns,
But ah! why would you leave me? or how could you
Abſent your ſelf ſo long?
Eub. I'll give you a moſt juſt account of both:
And ſomething more I have to tell you, which
I now muſt cauſe your wonder: but this place,
Though almoſt hid in darkneſs, is not ſafe.
Already I diſcern ſome coming towards us [*Torches appear.*
With lights, who may diſcover me. *Hermogenes*,
Your lodgings are hard by, and much more private.
Her. There you may freely ſpeak.
Leon. —— —— —— —— —— Let us make haſte:
For ſome affairs, and of no ſmall importance,
Call me another way. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Palamede *and* Rhodophil *with Vizor Masques in their hands, and Torches before 'em.*

Pala. We shall have noble sport to night, *Rhodophil:* this Masquerading is a most glorious invention.

Rho. I believe it was invented first by some jealous Lover, to discover the haunts of his Jilting Mistress: or, perhaps, by some distressed servant. to gain an opportunity with a jealous man's Wife.

Pala. No, it must be the invention of a woman, it has so much of subtilty and love in it.

Rho. I am sure 'tis extreamly pleasant; for to go unknown, is the next degree to go invisible.

Pala. What without our antique habits, and feign'd voices, do you know me? and I know you? Methinks we move and talk just like so many over-grown Puppets.

Rho. Masquerade is only Vizor Masque improv'd, a heightning of the same fashion.

Pala. No; Masquerade is Vizor-masque in debauch; and I like it the better for't: for with a Vizor-masque, we fool our selves into courtship, for the sake of an Eye that glanc'd; or a hand that stole it self out of the glove sometimes, to give us a sample of the skin: but in Masquerade there is nothing to be known, she's all *Terra incognita*, and the bold discoverer leaps ashore, and takes his lot among the wild *Indians* and *Salvages*, without the vile consideration of safety to his person, or of beauty or wholesomness in his Mistress.

Enter Beliza.

Rho. Beliza, what make you here?

Bel. Sir, my Lady sent me after you, to let you know, she finds her self a little indispos'd, so that she cannot be at Court, but is retir'd to rest, in her own apartment, where she shall want the happiness of your dear embraces to night.

Rho. A very fine phrase, *Beliza*, to let me know my Wife desires to lie alone.

Pala. I doubt, *Rhodophil*, you take the pains sometimes to instruct your Wife's women in these elegancies.

Rho. Tell my dear Lady, that since I must be so unhappy as not to wait on her to night, I will lament bitterly for her absence. 'Tis true, I shall be at Court, but I will take no divertisement there; and when I return to my solitary bed, if I am so forgetful of my passion as to sleep, I will dream of her; and, betwixt sleep and waking, put out my foot towards her side, for midnight consolation; and not finding her, I will sigh, and imagine my self a most desolate Widower.

Bel. I shall do your commands, Sir. [*Exit.*

Rho. (*Aside*) She's sick as aptly for my purpose, as if she had contriv'd it so: well [illegible] woman was a help-meet for a man, my Spouse is so; for

for within this hour I receiv'd a Note from *Melantha*, that she would meet me this Evening in Masquerade in Boys habit, to rejoyce with me before she entred into fetters; for I find she loves me better than *Palamede*, only because he's to be her Husband. There's something of antipathy in the word Marriage to the nature of love; Marriage is the meer Ladle of affection, that cools it when 'tis never so fiercely boiling over.

Pala. Dear *Rhodophil*, I must needs beg your pardon; there is an occasion fall'n out which I had forgot: I cannot be at Court to night.

Rho. Dear *Palamede*, I am sorry we shall not have one course together at the herd; but I find your Game lies single: good fortune to you with your Mistress. [*Exit.*

Pala. He has wish'd me good fortune with his Wife: there's no sin in this then, there's fair leave given. Well, I must go visit the sick; I cannot resist the temptations of my charity. O what a difference will she find betwix a dull restyHusband, and a quick vigorous Lover! he sets out like a Carrier's Horse, plodding on, because he knows he must, with the Bells of Matrimony chiming so melancholy about his neck, in pain till he's at his journeys end, and despairing to get thither, he is fain to fortifie imagination with the thoughts of another woman: I take heat after heat, like a well-breath'd Courser, and —— But hark, what noise is that? Swords! [*Closhing of Swords within.*

Nay, then have with you. [*Exit* Palamede.

Re-enter Palamede *with* Rhodophil: *and* Doralice *in Man's habit.*

Rho. Friend, your relief was very timely, otherwise I had been oppress'd.

Pala. What was the quarrel?

Rho. What I did, was in rescue of this Youth.

Pala. What cause could he give 'em?

Dor. The cause was nothing but only the common cause of fighting in Masquerades: they were drunk, and I was sober

Rho. Have they not hurt you?

Dor. No; but I am exceeding ill with the fright on't.

Pala. Let's lead him to some place where he may refresh himself.

Rho. Do you conduct him then.

Pala. (*Aside.*) How cross this happens to my design of going to *Doralice!* for I am confident she was sick on purpose that I should visit her. Hark you *Rhodophil*, could not you take care of this stripling? I am partly engag'd to night.

Rho. You know I have business: but come, Youth, if it must be so.

Dor. (*To* Rhodophil.) No, good Sir, do not give yourself that trouble; I shall be safer, and better pleas'd with your friend here.

Rho. Farewel then; once more I wish you a good adventure.

Pala. Damn this kindness! now must I be troubled with this young Rogue, and miss my opportunity with *Doralice.*

{*Exit* Rhodophil *alone*,
{Palamede *with* Doralice.

SCENE II.

Enter Polydamus.

A *Argaleon* counſell'd well to baniſh him,
He has, I know not what
Of greatneſs in his looks, and high of fate,
That almoſt awes me; but I fear my Daughter,
Who hourly moves me for him, and I mark'd
She ſigh'd when I but nam'd *Argaleon* to her.
But ſee, the Maskers; hence my cares, this night,
At leaſt take truce, and find me on my pillow.

Enter the Princeſs in Maſquerade, with Ladies: At the other end, Argaleon *and Gentlemen in Maſquerade: Then* Leonidas *leading* Amalthea. *The King ſits. A Dance. After the Dance,*

Amal. (*To* Leonidas.) That's the Princeſs;
I ſaw the habit e'er ſhe put it on.
Leon. I know her by a Thouſand other ſigns,
She cannot hide ſo much Divinity.
Diſguis'd, and ſilent, yet ſome graceful motion
Breaks from her, and ſhines round her like a Glory. [*Goes to* Palmyra
Amal. Thus ſhe reveals her ſelf, and knows it not:
Like Love's dark-lantern I direct his ſteps,
And yet he ſees not that which gives him light.
Palm. I know you, but' alas, *Leonidas*, [*To* Leonidas.
Why ſhould you tempt the danger on your ſelf?
Leon. Madam, you know me not, if you believe
I would not hazard greater for your ſake:
But you, I fear, are chang'd.
Palm. No, I am ſtill the ſame;
Bur there are many things became *Palmyra*
Which ill become the Princeſs.
Leon. ——— I ask nothing
Which Honour will not give you leave to grant:
One hour's ſhort audience, at my Father's houſe,
You cannot ſure refuſe me.
Palm. Perhaps I ſhould, did I conſult ſtrict vertue:
But ſomething muſt be given to Love and you.
When would you I ſhould come?
Leon. This evening' with the ſpeedieſt opportunity.
I have a Secret to diſcover to you,
Which will ſurpriſe, and pleaſe you.
Palm. ——— 'Tis enough.
Go now; for we may be obſerv'd and known,
I truſt your honour; give me not occaſion
To blame my ſelf, or you.

Leon.

Leon. You never ſhall repent your good opinion.

[*Kiſſes her hand, and Exit.*

Arga. I cannot be deceiv'd; that is the Princeſs:
One of her Maids betray'd the habit to me;
But who was he with whom ſhe held diſcourſe?
'Tis one ſhe favours, for he kiſs'd her hand;
Our ſhapes are like, our habits near the ſame;
She may miſtake, and ſpeak to me for him.
I am reſolv'd, I,ll ſatisfie my doubts,
Though to be more tormented. *Exit.*

SONG.

I.

WHilſt Alexis *lay preſt*
In her Arms he lov'd beſt,
With his hands round her neck,
And his head on her breaſt,
He found the fierce pleaſure too haſty to ſtay,
And his Soul in the Tempeſt juſt flying away.

II.

When Cœlia *ſaw this,*
With a ſigh, and a kiſs,
She cry'd, Oh my Dear, I am robb'd of my bliſs;
'Tis unkind to your Love, and unfaithfully done,
To leave me behind you, and die all alone.

III.

The Youth, though in haſte,
And breathing his laſt,
In pity dy'd ſlowly, while ſhe dy'd more faſt;
Till at length ſhe cry'd, Now, my dear, now let us go,
Now die, my Alexis, *and I will die too.*

IV.

Thus intranc'd they did lie,
Till Alexis *did try*
To recover new breath, that again he might die:
Then often they di'd; but the more they did ſo,
The Nymph di'd more quick, and the Shepherd more ſlow.

Another Dance. After it Argaleon *re-enters, and ſtands by the Princeſs.*

Palm. Leonidas, what means this quick return?
Arga. O heav'n! 'tis what I fear'd.

Palm. Is ought of Moment happen'd since you went?

Arga. No, Madam, but I understood not fully
Your last Commands.

Palm. ——— And yet you answer'd to 'em.
Retire; you are too indiscreet a Lover:
I'll meet you where I promis'd. *Exit.*

Arga. O my curst Fortune! what have I discover'd?
But I will be Reveng'd. [*Whispers to the King.*

Poly. But are you certain you are not deceiv'd?

Arga. Upon my life.

Poly. ——— Her Honour is concern'd.
Somewhat I'll do; but I am yet distracted,
And know not where to fix. I wish'd a Child,
And Heav'n, in Anger, granted my Request.
So blind we are, our Wishes are so vain,
That what we most desire, proves most our Pain. [*Exeunt omnes.*

SCENE III.

An Eating-House. Bottles of Wine on the Table. Palamede *and* Doralice *in Mans Habit.*

Dor. Aside. NOw cannot I find in my Heart to discover my self, though I long he should know me.

Pal. I tell thee Boy, now I have seen thee safe, I must be gone: I have no leisure to throw away on thy raw Conversation: I am a Person that understand better Things, I.

Dor. Were I a Woman, Oh how you'd admire me! cry up every Word I said, and screw your Face into a submissive Smile; as I have seen a dull Gallant act Wit, and counterfeit Pleasantness, when he Whispers to a great Person in a Play-house; smile and look briskly, when the other Answers as if something of extraordinary had past betwixt 'em, when, heaven knows, there was nothing else but, What a Clock does your Lordship think it is? And my Lord's *repertée* is 'Tis almost Park-time: Or, at most, shall we out of the Pit, and go behind the Scenes for an Act or two? And yet such fine Things as these would be Wit in a Mistress's Mouth.

Pal. Ay, Boy; there's Dame Nature in the case, He who cannot find Wit in a Mistress, deserves to find nothing else, Boy. But these are Riddles to thee, Child, and I have not leisure to instruct thee; I have Affairs to dispatch, great Affairs, I am a Man of Business.

Dor. Come you shall not go: You have no Affairs but what you may dispatch here, to my knowledge.

Pal. I find now, thou art a Boy of more understanding than I thought thee; a very lewd wicked Boy: O'my Conscience thou wouldst debauch me, and has some evil designs upon my Person.

Dor. You are mistaken, Sir; I would only have you shew me a more lawful Reason why you would leave me, than I can why you should not,

not, and I'll not ſtay you; for I am not ſo young, but I underſtand the neceſſities of Fleſh and Blood, and the preſſing occaſions of Mankind, as well as you.

Pal. A very forward and underſtanding Boy! Thou art in great danger of a Pages Wit, to be brisk at Fourteen, and dull at Twenty. But I'll give thee no farther account; I muſt, and will go.

Dor. My life on't your Miſtreſs is not at home.

Pal. This Imp will make me very Angry.
I tell thee, young Sir, ſhe is at home; and at home for me; and which is more, ſhe is Abed for me, and Sick for me.

Dor. For you only?

Pal. Ay, for me only.

Dor. But how do you know ſhe's Sick abed?

Pal. She ſent her Husband word ſo.

Dor. And are you ſuch a Novice in Love, to believe a Wife's meſſage to her Husband?

Pal. Why, What the Devil ſhould be her meaning elſe?

Dor. It may be, to go in Maſquerade as well as you; to obſerve your haunts, and keep you Company without your knowledge.

Pal. Nay, I'll truſt her for that: She loves me too well, to diſguiſe her ſelf from me.

Dor. If I were ſhe, I would diſguiſe on purpoſe to try your Wit; and come to my Servant like a Riddle, Read me, and take me.

Pal. I could know her in any Shape: My good Genius would prompt me to find out a handſom Woman: There's ſomething in her, that would attract me to her without my knowledge.

Dor. Then you make a Loadſtone of your Miſtreſs?

Pal. Yes, and I carry a Steel about me, which has been ſo often touch'd that it never fails to poynt to the North Pole.

Dor. Yet ſtill my Mind gives me, that you have met her diſguis'd to Night, and have not known her.

Pal. This is the moſt pragmatical conceited little fellow, he will needs underſtand my Buſineſs better than my ſelf. I tell the once more, thou doſt not know my Miſtreſs.

Dor. And I tell you once more, that I know her better than you do.

Pal. The Boy is reſolv'd to have the laſt Word.
I find I muſt go without reply. [*Exit.*

Dor. Ah miſchief, I have loſt him with my Fooling. *Palamede, Palamede.*

He returns. She plucks off her Perruke, and puts it on again when he knows her.

Pal. O Heavens! Is it you, Madam?

Dor. Now, where was your good Genius, that would prompt you to find me out?

Pal. Why, you ſee I was not deceiv'd; you your ſelf were my good Genius.

Dor.

Dor. But where was the Steel, that knew the Load-ſtone? ha!

Pal. The Truth is, Madam, the Steel hath loſt its Virtue; and therefore, if you pleaſe, we'll new touch it.

Enter Rhodophil; *and* Melantha *in Boy's Habit.* Rhodophil *ſees* Palamede *kiſſing* Doralice's *Hand.*

Rho. Palamede again? am I fallen into your Quarters? What? ingaging with a Boy, is all honourable?

Pal. O, very honourable on my ſide, I was juſt chaſtiſing this young Villain; he was running away, without paying his ſhare of the Reckoning.

Rho. Then I find I was deceived in him.

Pal. Yes, you are deceived in him: 'Tis the archeſt Rogue, if you did but know him.

Mel. Good *Rhodophil*, let us get off *a-la-derobbée*, for fear I ſhould be diſcover'd.

Rho. There's no retiring now; I warrant you for diſcovery: Now have I the oddeſt Thought, to entertain you before your Servant's Face, and he never the wiſer; 'twill be the prettieſt juggling Trick to cheat him when he looks upon us.

Mel. This is the ſtrangeſt *caprice* in you.

Pal. (*To* Doralice) This *Rhodophil*'s the unluckieſt Fellow to me! This is now the ſecond time he has barr'd the Dice when we were juſt ready to have nick'd him; but if ever I get the Box again———

Dor. Do you think he will not know me?
Am I like my ſelf?

Pal. No more than a Picture in the Hangings.

Dor. Nay, then he can never diſcover me, now the wrong ſide of the Arras is turn'd towards him.

Pal. At leaſt, 'twill be ſome Pleaſure to me, to enjoy what freedom I can, while he looks on; I will ſtorm the Out-works of Matrimony even before his Face.

Rho. What Wine have you there, *Palamede*?

Pal. Old *Chios*, or the Rogue's damn'd that drew it.

Rho. Come, to the moſt conſtant of Miſtreſſes; that I believe is yours, *Palamede*.

Dor. Pray ſpare your Seconds; for my part, I am but a weak Brother.

Pal. Now, to the trueſt of Turtles; that is, your Wife, *Rhodophil*, that lies ſick at home in the Bed of Honour.

Rho. Now, let's have one common Health, and ſo have done.

Dor. Then, for once I'll begin it. Here's to him that has the faireſt Lady of *Sicily* in Maſquerade to night.

Pal. This is ſuch an obliging Health, I'll kiſs thee, dear Rogue, for thy Invention. [*kiſſes her.*

Rho. He who has this Lady, is a happy Man, without diſpute ———— I'm moſt concern'd in this, I am ſure. [*Aſide*

Pal.

Pal. Was it not well found out, *Rhodophil?*

Mel. Ay, this was *bien trouvée* indeed.

Dor. (*To* Melantha.) I ſuppoſe I ſhall do you a kindneſs, to inquire if you have not been in *France*, Sir?

Mel. To do you Service, Sir.

Dor. O, Monſieur, *vot valet bien humble.* [*Saluting her.*

Mel. *Votré eſclave, Monſieur, de tout Mon Cœur.* [*Returning the Salute.*

Dor. I ſuppoſe, ſweet Sir, you are the Hope and Joy of ſome thriving Citizen, who has pinch'd himſelf at home to breed you abroad, where you have learnt your Exerciſes, as it appears moſt awkardly, and are return'd, with the Addition of a new lac'd Boſom and a Clap, to your good old Father, who looks at you with his Mouth, while you ſpout *French* with your *Mon Monſieur.*

Pal. Let me kiſs the again for that, dear Rogue.

Mel. And you, I imagine, are my young Maſter, whom your Mother durſt not truſt upon Salt Water, but left you to be your own Tutor at Fourteen, to be very briſk and *entreprenant*, to endeavour to be debauch'd ere you have learnt the knack on't, to value your ſelf upon a Clap before you can get it, and to make it the height of your Ambition to get a Player for your Miſtreſs.

Rho. (*Embracing* Mel.) O dear young Bully, thou haſt tickled him with a *repertee* i'faith.

Mel. You are one of thoſe that applaud our Country Plays, where Drums, and Trumpets, and Blood, and Wounds, are Wit.

Rho. Again, my Boy! Let me kiſs the moſt abundantly.

Dor. You are an Admirer of the dull French Poetry, which is ſo thin, that it is the very Leaf-Gold of Wit, the very Wafers and whipp'd Cream of Senſe, for which a Man opens his Mouth, and gapes to ſwallow nothing: And to be an Admirer of ſuch profound dulneſs, one muſt be endow'd with a great Perfection of Impudence and Ignorance.

Pal. Let me embrace thee moſt vehemently.

Mel. I'll ſacrifice my Life for French Poetry. [*Advancing.*

Dor. I'll die upon the ſpot for our Country Wit.

Rho. (*To* Melantha) Hold, hold, young *Mars*: *Palamede*, draw back your *Hero.*

Pal. 'Tis time; I ſhall be drawn in for a Second elſe, at the wrong Weapon.

Mel. O, that I were a Man for thy ſake!

Dor. You'll be a Man as ſoon as I ſhall.

Enter a Meſſenger to Rhodophil.

Meſſ. Sir, the King has inſtant Buſineſs with you.
I ſaw the Guard drawn up, by your Lieutenant,
Before the Palace-gate, ready to march.

Rho. 'Tis ſomewhat ſudden; ſay that I am coming.

[*Exit Meſſenger.*

Now

Now, *Palamede*, What think you of this Sport?
This is some sudden Tumult: Will you along?

Pal. Yes, yes, I will go; but the Devil take me if ever I was less in humour. Why, the Pox, could they not have staid their Tumult till to morrow? Then I had done my Business, and been ready for 'em. Truth is, I had a little transitory Crime to have committed first; and I am the worst Man in the World at Repenting, till a Sin be throughly done: But what shall we do with the two Boys?

Rho. Let 'em take a Lodging in the House till the Business be over.

Dor. What, lie with a Boy? For my part, I own it, I cannot endure to lie with a Boy.

Pal. The more's my Sorrow, I cannot accommodate you with a better Bed-Fellow.

Mel. Let me die, if I enter into a pair of Sheets with him that hates the *French*.

Dor. Pish, take no care for us, but leave us in the Streets; I warrant you, as late as it is, I'll find my Lodging as well as any drunken Bully of 'em all.

Rho. I'll Fight in meer Revenge, and wreak my Passion [*Aside.*
On all that spoil this hopeful Assignation.

Palm. I'm sure we fight in a good Quarrel:
Rogues may pretend Religion and the Laws;
But a kind Mistress is the *Good Old Cause*. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Enter Palmyra, Eubulus, Hermogenes.

Palm. YOu tell me Wonders; that *Leonidas*
Is Prince *Theagenes*, the late King's Son.

Eub. It seem'd as strange to him, as now to you,
Before I had convinc'd him; but, besides
His great resemblance to the King his Father,
The Queen his Mother lives, secur'd by me
In a Religious House; to whom each year
I brought the News of his encreasing Virtues.
My last long absence from you both, was caus'd
By Wounds which in my Journey I receiv'd,
When set upon by Thieves; I lost those Jewels
And Letters, which your dying Mother left.

Her. The same he means, which since brought to the King,
Made him first know that he had a Child alive:
'Twas then my care of Prince *Leonidas*
Caus'd me to say he was th' Usurper's Son;
Till, after forc'd by your apparent danger,
I made the true discovery of your Birth,
And once more hid my Princes.

Enter.

Enter Leonidas.

Leon. Hermogenes, and *Eubulus*, retire;
Thoſe of our Party, whom we left without,
Expect your Aid and Counſel. [*Exeunt ambo.*
Palm. I ſhould, *Leonidas*, congratulate
This happy change of your exalted fate;
But, as my Joy, ſo you my Wonder move;
Your Looks have more of Buſineſs than of Love:
And your laſt Words ſome great deſign did ſhow.
Leon. I frame not any to be hid from you.
You, in my Love, all my deſigns may ſee;
But what have Love and you deſign'd for me?
Fortune once more has ſet the Ballance right:
Firſt, equall'd us in lowneſs; then, in height.
Both of us have ſo long, like Gameſters thrown,
'Till Fate comes round, and gives to each his own,
As Fate is equal, ſo may Love appear:
Tell me, at leaſt, what I muſt hope, or fear.
Palm. After ſo many Proofs, how can you call
My Love in doubt! fear nothing, and hope all.
Think what a Prince, with Honour, may receive,
Or I may give, without a Parents leave.
Leon. You give, and then reſtrain the Grace you ſhow;
As oſtentatious Prieſts, when Souls they wooe,
Promiſe their Heav'n to all, but grant to few.
But do for me what I have dar'd for you.
I did no Argument from Duty bring:
Duty's a Name, and Love's a Real Thing.
Palm. Man's Love may, like wild torrents, over-flow;
Woman's as deep, but in its Banks muſt go.
My Love is mine; and that I can impart;
But cannot give my Perſon with my Heart.
Leon. Your Love is then no Gift:
For when the Perſon it does not convey,
'Tis to give Gold, and not to give the Key.
Palm. Then ask my Father.
Leon. ——————— He detains my Throne:
Who holds back mine, will hardly give his own.
Palm. What then remains?
Leon. ——————— That I muſt have recourſe
To Arms; and take my Love, and Crown by force.
Hermogenes is forming the deſign;
And with him all the Brave and Loyal joyn.
Palm. And is it thus you court *Palmyra*'s Bed?
Can ſhe the Murd'rer of her Parent wed?

Deſiſt from force: So much you well may give
To love and me to let my Father live.
Leon. Each Act of mine my Love to you has ſhown;
But you, who tax my want of it, have none.
You bid me part with you, and let him live;
But they ſhould nothing ask, who nothing give.
Palm. I give what Virtue, and what Duty can,
In vowing ne'r to wed another Man.
Leon. You will be forc'd to be *Argaleon*'s Wife.
Palm. I'll keep my Promiſe, though I loſe my Life.
Leon. Then you loſe Love, for which we both contend;
For Life is but the means, but Love's the end.
Palm. Our Souls ſhall love hereafter.
Leon. ——————— I much fear,
That Soul which could deny the Body here,
To taſte of Love, would be a Niggard there.
Palm. Then 'tis paſt hope: Our cruel Fate, I ſee,
Will make a ſad divorce 'twixt you and me.
For, if you force employ, by Heav'n I ſwear,
And all bleſs'd Beings ———
Leon. ——————— Your raſh Oath forbear.
Palm. I never ———
Leon. ——————— Hold once more. But, yet, as he
Who ſcapes a dangerous leap, looks back to ſee;
So I deſire, now I am paſt my fear,
To know what was that Oath you meant to ſwear.
Palm. I meant, that if you hazarded your Life,
Or ſought my Father's, ne'r to be your Wife.
Leon. See now, *Palmyra*, how unkind you prove!
Could you, with ſo much eaſe, forſwear my love?
Palm. You force me with your ruinous deſign.
Leon. Your Father's Life is more your Care then Mine.
Palm. You wrong me: 'Tis not; though it ought to be;
You are my Care, Heav'n knows, as well as he.
Leon. If now the execution I delay,
My Honour, and my Subjects I betray.
All is prepar'd for the juſt Enterprize;
And the whole City will to morrow riſe.
The Leaders of the Party are within,
And *Eubulus* has ſworn, that he will bring,
To head their Arms, the Perſon of the King.
Palm. In telling this, you make me guilty too;
I therefore muſt diſcover what I know:
What Honour bids you do, Nature bids me prevent;
But kill me firſt, and then purſue your black intent.
Leon. Palmyra, no; you ſhall not need to die;
Yet I will not truſt ſo ſtrict a Piety. (*Within there.*

Enter

Enter Eubulus.

——————*Eubulus*, a Guard prepare;
Here, I commit this pris'ner to your care.
[*Kisses* Palmyra's *Hand*; *then gives it to* Eubulus.
Palm. Leonidas, I never thought these Bands
Could e'er be giv'n me by a Lover's Hands.
Leon. Palmyra, thus your Judge himself arraigns; [*kneeling.*
He who impos'd these Bands, still wears your Chains:
When you to Love or Duty false must be,
Or to your Father guilty, or to me,
These Chains alone, remain to set you free.
[*Noise of Swords clashing.*
Poly. (*Within*) Secure these first; then search the inner Room.
Leon. From whence do these tumultuous Clamours come?

Enter Hermogenes *hastily.*

Her. We are betray'd; and there remains alone
This comfort, that your Person is not known.

Enter the King, Argaleon, Rhodophil, Palamede, *Guards*; *some like Citizens, as Prisoners.*

What mean this Midnight Consultations here,
Where I, like an unsummon'd Guest appear?
Leon. Sir——————
Arga. ——— There needs no excuse; 'tis understood;
You were all watching for your Prince's good,
Poly. My Reverend City Friends, you are well met!
On what great work were your grave Wisdoms set?
Which of my Actions were you scanning here?
What *French* Invasion have you found to fear?
Leon. They are my Friends; and come, Sir, with intent
To take their leaves before my Banishment.
Poly. Your exile, in both Sexes, Friends can find:
I see the Ladies, like the Men, are kind. [*Seeing* Palmyra.
Palm. Alas, I came but——— [*Kneeling.*
Poly. ——————— Add not to your Crime
A Lye: I'll hear you speak some other time.
How? *Eubulus!* nor time, nor thy disguise,
Can keep thee, undiscover'd, from my Eyes.
A Guard there; seize 'em all.
Rho. Yield, Sir; what use of valour can be shewn?
Pal. One, and unarm'd, against a multitude!
O for a Sword!
[*He reaches at one of the Guards Halbards, and is seiz'd behind.*
——————I wo'nt lose my Breath
In fruitless Pray'rs; but beg a speedy Death.
Palm. O spare *Leonidas*, and punish me.

Ploy. Mean Girl, thou want,ſt an Advocate for thee.
Now the Myſterious Knot will be unty'd;
Whether the young King Lives, or where he dy'd:
To Morrow's dawn all the dark Riddle clear;
Crown all my joys, and diſſipate my fear. [*Exeunt omnes.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Palamede Straton. Palamede *with a Letter in his hand.*

Pal. THis Evening, ſay'ſt thou? Will they both be here?

Stra. Yes. Sir; both my old Maſter and your Miſtreſs's Father: The old Gentleman rid hard this Journey; they ſay, it ſhall be the laſt time they will ſee the Town; and both of them are ſo pleas'd with this Marriage, which they have concluded for you, that I am afraid they will live ſome years longer to trouble you, with the joy of it.

Pal. But this is ſuch an unreaſonable thing, to impoſe upon me to be marry'd to Morrow; 'tis hurrying a Man to Execution, without giving him time to ſay his Pray'rs.

Stra. Yet, if I might adviſe you, Sir, you ſhould not delay it: For your younger Brother comes up with 'em, and is got already into their favours. He has gain'd much upon my old Maſter, by finding fault with Inn-keepers Bills, and by ſtarving us, and our Horſes, to ſhew his Frugality; and he is very well with your Miſtreſs's Father, by giving him Receipts for the Spleen, Gout, and Scurvy, and other Infirmities of Old Age.

Pal. I'll rout him, and his Country-Education: Pox on him, I remember him before I travell'd, he had nothing in him but meer Jocky; us'd to talk loud, and make Matches, and was all for the crack of the Field: Senſe and wit were as much baniſh'd from his diſcourſe, as they are when the Court goes out of Town to a Horſe-race. Go now and provide your Maſter's Lodgings.

Stra. I go, Sir. [*Exit.*

Pal. It vexes me to the heart, to leave all my deſigns with *Doralice* unfiniſh'd; to have flown her ſo often to a mark, and ſtill to be bob'd at retrieve: If I had but once enjoy'd her, though I could not have ſatisfi'd my ſtomach with the feaſt, at leaſt I ſhould have reliſh'd my mouth a little; but now ———

Enter Philotis.

Phil. Oh, Sir, you are happily met; I was coming to find you.

Pal. From your Lady I hope.

Phil. Partly from her; but more eſpecially from my ſelf: She has juſt now receiv'd a Letter from her Father, with an abſolute command to diſpoſe her ſelf to marry you to morrow.

Pal.

Pal. And she takes it to the death?

Phil. Quite contary: The Letter could never have come in a more lucky minute; for it found her in an ill humour with a Rival of yours that shall be nameless, about the pronunciation of a *French* word.

Pal. Count *Rhodophil*, never disguise it, I know the *Amour:* But I hope you took the occasion to strike in for me?

Phil. It was my good fortune to do you some small service in it; for your sake I discommended him all over: Cloaths, Person, Humour Behaviour, every thing; and to sum up all, told her, It was impossible to find a Marry'd man that was otherwise; for they were all so mortifi'd at home with their Wives ill Humours, that they could never recover themselves to be company abroad.

Pal. Most divinely urg'd!

Phil. Then I took occasion to commend your good qualities; as, the sweetness of your Humour, the comeliness of your Person, your good Meen, your Valour, but, above all, your Liberality.

Pal. I vow to Gad I had like to have forgot that good quality in my self, if thou had'st not remember'd me on't: Here are five Pieces for thee.

Phil. Lord, you have the softest hand, Sir! it would do a Woman good to touch it: Count *Rhodophil*'s is not half so soft; for I remember I felt it once, when he gave me ten Pieces for my New-Years-Gift.

Pal. O, I understand you, Madam; you shall find my hand as soft again as Count *Rhodophil*'s: There are twenty Pieces for you. The former was but a Retaining Fee; now I hope you'l plead for me.

Phil. Your own Merits speak enough. Be sure only to ply her with *French* words, and I'll warrant you'll do your Business. Here are a list of her phrases for this day: Use 'em to her upon all occasions, and foil her at her own weapon; for she's like one of the old *Amazons*, she'll never marry, except it be a Man who has first conquer'd her.

Pal. I'll be sure to follow your advice: But you'll forget to further my designe.

Phil. What, do you think I'll be ungrateful? ——

—— But, however, if you distrust my Memory, put some token on my finger to remember it by: that Diamond there would do admirably.

Pal. There 'tis; and I ask your pardon heartily for calling your Memory into question: I assure you I'll trust it another time, without putting you to the trouble of another token.

Enter Palmyra *and* Artemis.

Art. Madam, This way the Prisoners are to pass;
Here you may see *Leonidas*.

Palm. Then here I'll stay, and follow him to death.

Enter Melantha *hastily.*

Mela. O, here's her Highness!
Now is my time to introduce my self, and to make my court to her, in my

my new *French* phraſes. Stay, let me read my catalogue——*ſuitte, figure, chagrin, naivete*, and *let me die*, for the Parentheſis of all.

Pal. (*Aſide.*) Do, perſecute her; and I'll perſecute thee as faſt in thy own dialect.

Mel. Madam the Princeſs! let me die, but this is a moſt horrid ſpectacle, to ſee a Perſon who makes ſo grand a Figure in the Court, without the *Suittee* of a Princeſs, and entertaining your *Chagrin*, all alone; (*Naivete* ſhould have been there, but the diſobedient word would not come in.)

Palm. What is ſhe, *Artemis*?

Art. An impertinent Lady, Madam; very Ambitious of being known to your Highneſs.

Pal. (*To Melantha.*) Let me die, Madam, if I have not waited you here theſe two long hours, without ſo much as the *Suitte* of a ſingle Servant to attend me; entertainining my ſelf with my own *Chagrin*, till I had the honour to ſee your Ladiſhip, who are a perſon that makes ſo conſiderable a figure in the Court.

Mel. Truce with your *douceurs*, good ſervant; you ſee I am addreſſing the Princeſs; pray do not *embarraſs* me——*embarraſs* me! what a delicious *French* word do you make me loſe upon you too!

(*To the Princeſs.*) Your Highneſs, Madam, will pleaſe to pardon the *Bevue* which I made, in not ſooner finding you out to be a Princeſs: But let me die, if this *Eclairciſſement* which is made this day of your quality, does not raviſh me; and give me leave to tell you ——

Pal. But firſt give me leave to tell you, Madam, that I have ſo great a tender for your perſon, and ſuch a *pauchant* to do you ſervice, that ——

Mel. What, muſt I ſtill be troubled with your *Sottiſes*? (There's another word loſt, that I meant for the Princeſs, with a miſchief to you.) But your Highneſs, Madam ——

Pal. But your Ladiſhip, Madam ——

Enter Leonidas *guarded, and led over the Stage.*

Mel. Out upon him, how he looks, Madam! now he's found no Prince, he is the ſtrangeſt figure of a Man; how could I make that *Coup d'etourdy* to think him one?

Palm. Away, Impertinent —— My dear *Leonidas!*

Leon. My dear *Palmyra!*

Palm. Death ſhall never part us;
My Deſtiny is yours. [*He is led off; ſhe follows.*

Mel. Impertinent! Oh I am the moſt unfortunate perſon this day breathing: that the Princeſs ſhould thus *rompre en viſiere*, without occaſion. Let me die, but I'll follow her to death, till I make my peace.

Pal. (*Holding her.*) And let me die, but I'll follow you to the Infernals till you pity me.

Mel. (*Turning towards him angrily.*) Ay, 'tis long of you that this *Malheur* is fall'n upon me; your impertinence has put me out of the good Graces of the princeſs, and all that, which has ruin'd me and all that, and therefore let me die, but I'll be reveng'd, and all that.

Pal. Fa-

Pal. Façon, façon, you muſt, and ſhall love me, and all that; for my old man is coming up, and all that; and I am *deſeſperé au dernier*, and will not be diſinherited, and all that.

Mel. How durſt you interrupt me ſo *mal a propos*, when you knew I was addreſſing to the Princeſs?

Pal. But why would you addreſs your ſelf ſo much *a contretemps*. then?

Mel. Ah *mal peſte!*

Pil. Ah *l'enrage!*

Phil. Radouciſſez vous, de grace, Madame; vous êtes bien en colere pour peu de choſe. Vous n'entendez pas la raillerie gallante.

Mel. Ad' autres, ad' autres: he mocks himſelf of me, he abuſes me: ah me unfortunate! [*Cries!*

Phil. You miſtake him, Madam, he does but accommodate his phraſe to your refin'd language. *Ah qu'el eſt un Cavalier accomply!* purſue your point Sir ——— [*To him.*

Pal. Ah, qu'il fait beau dans ces boccages; [*Singing.*
Ah que le ciel donne un beau jour!
There I was with you, with a *minouet*.

Mel. Let me die now, but this ſinging is fine, and extreamly *French* in him. [*Laughs.*
But then, that he ſhould uſe my own words, as it were in contempt of me, I cannot bear it. [*Crying.*

Pal. Ces beaux ſejours, ces doux ramages ——— [*Singing.*

Mel. Ces beaux ſejours, ces doux remages. [*Singing after him.*
Ces beaux ſejours, nous invitent al' amour! Let me die but he ſings *en Cavalier*, and ſo humours the Cadence. [*Laughing.*

Pal. Voy, ma Clymene, voy ſoubs ce cheſne, [*Singing again.*
S' entrebaiſer ces oiſeaux amoreux! Let me die now but that was fine. Ah, now, for three or four briſk *French-men*, to be put into Maſquing habits, and to ſing it on a Theatre, how witty it would be! and then to dance helter ſkelter to a *Chanſon o boire: toute la terre, toute la terre eſt a moy!* what's matter though it were made, and ſung, two or three years ago in *Caberets*, how it would attract the admiration, eſpecially of every one that's an *eveille!*

Mel. Well; I begin to have a tender for you; but yet, upon condition, that ——— when we are marry'd, you ———
[Pal. *ſings while ſhe ſpeaks*

Phil. You muſt drown her voice; if ſhe makes her *French* conditions, you are a ſlave for ever.

Mel. Firſt, will you engage ——— that

Pal. Fa, la, la, la, *&c.* [*Louder.*

Mel. Will you hear the conditions?

Pal. No, I will hear no conditions! I am reſolv'd to win you *en Francois*; to be very airy, with abundance of noiſe, and no ſenſe: Fa, la, la, la, *&c.*

Mel. Hold, hold: I am vanquiſh'd with your *gayetè d' eſperit.* I am yours, and will be yours, *ſans nulle reſerve, ny condition:* and let me die, if I do not think my ſelf the happieſt Nymph in *Sicily* ——— My dear *French* Dear, ſtay but a *miuuite*, till I *raccomode* my ſelf with the Princeſs; and then I am yours, *juſq' a la mort.*

Allons donc ——— ——— [*Exeunt* Mel. Philot.

Pal. (*Solus, fanning himſelf with his hat.*) I never thought before that wooing was ſo laborious an exerciſe; if ſhe were worth a Million, I have deſerv'd her; and now, methinks too, with taking all this pains for her, I begin to like her. 'Tis ſo; I have known many, who never car'd for Hare nor Partridge, but thoſe they caught themſelves would eat heartily: the pains, and the ſtory a man tells of the taking of 'em makes the meat go down more pleaſantly. Beſides, laſt night I had a ſweet dream of her, and, Gad, ſhe I have once dream'd of, I am ſtark mad till I enjoy her, let her be never ſo ugly.

Enter Doralice.

Dor. Who's that you are ſo mad to enjoy, *Palamede?*

Pal. You may eaſily imagine that, ſweet *Doralice.*

Dor. More eaſily than you think I can: I met juſt now with a certain man, who came to you with Letters, from a certain old Gentleman, yclipped your Father; whereby I am given to underſtand, that to morrow you are to take an Oath in the Church to be grave henceforward, to go ill-dreſs'd and ſlovenly, to get Heirs for your Eſtate, and to dandle 'em for your diverſion; and, in ſhort, that Love and Courtſhip are to be no more.

Pal. Now have I ſo much ſhame to be thus apprehended in the manner, that I can neither ſpeak nor look upon you; I have abundance of grace in me, that I find: But if you have any ſparke of true friendſhip in you, retire a little with me to the next room, that has a Couch or bed in't, and beſtow your charity upon a poor dying man; a little comfort from a Miſtreſs, before a man is going to give himſelf into Marriage, is as good as a luſty doſe of Strong-water to a dying Malefactor; it takes away the ſence of Hell, and hanging from him.

Dor No, good *Palamede*, I muſt not be ſo injurious to your Bride: 'tis ill drawing from the Bank to day, when all your ready money is payable to morrow.

Pal. A Wife is only to have the ripe fruit that falls of it ſelf; but a wiſe man will always preſerve a ſhaking for a Miſtreſs.

Dor. But a Wife for the firſt quarter is a Miſtreſs.

Pal. But when the ſecond comes.

Dor. When it does come, you are ſo given to variety, that you would make a Wife of me in another quarter.

Pal. No, never, except I were married to you: marri'd people can never oblige one another; for all they do is duty, and conſequently there can be no thanks: but love is more frank and generous than he is honeſt; he's a liberal giver, but a curſed pay-maſter.

Dor

Dor. I declare I will have no Gallant; but, if I would, he ſhould never be a married man; a marri'd man is but a Miſtres's half-ſervant, as a Clergy-man is but the King's half-ſubject: for a man to come to me that ſmells o'th' Wife! 's life, I wou'd as ſoon wear her old Gown after her, as her Husband.

Pal. Yet 'tis a kind of faſhion to wear a Princeſs's caſt ſhoes, you ſee the Country Ladies buy 'em to be fine in them.

Dor. Yes, a Princeſs's ſhoes may be worn after her, becauſe they keep their faſhion, by being ſo very little us'd; but generally a marri'd man is a creature of the world the moſt out of faſhion; his behavour is dumpiſh, his diſcourſe his Wife and Family, his habit ſo much neglected, it looks as if it were marri'd too; his Hat is marri'd, his Perruke is marri'd, his Breeches are marri'd, and if we could look within his Breeches, we ſhould find him marri'd there too.

Pal. Am I then to be diſcarded for ever? pray do but mark how terrible that word ſounds; For ever! it has a very damn'd ſound, *Doralice.*

Dor. Ay, for ever! it ſounds as helliſhly to me, as it can do to you, but there's no help for't.

Pal. Yet if we had but once enjoy'd one another; but then once only, is worſe than not at all: it leaves a man with ſuch a lingring after it.

Dor. For ought I know 'tis better that we have not; we might upon trial have lik'd each other leſs, as many a Man and Woman, that have lov'd as deſperately as we, and yet when they came to poſſeſſion, have ſigh'd, and cri'd to themſelves, Is this all?

Pal. That is only, if the Servant were not found a man of this world; but if, upon trial, we had not lik'd each other, we had certainly left loving; and faith, that's the greater happineſs of the two.

Dor. 'Tis better as 'tis; we have drawn off already as much of our Love as would run clear; after poſſeſſing, the reſt is but jealouſies, and diſquiets, and quarrelling, and piecing.

Pal. Nay, after one great quarrel, there's never any ſound piecing; the love is apt to break in the ſame place again.

Dor. I declare I would never renew a love; that's like him who trims an old Coach for ten years together, he might buy a new one better cheap.

Pal. Well, Madam, I am convinc'd, that 'tis beſt for us not to have enjoy'd; but Gad, the ſtrongeſt reaſon is, becauſe I cann't help it.

Dor. The only way to keep us new to one another, is never to enjoy as they keep Grapes by hanging 'em upon a line, they muſt touch nothing if you would preſerve 'em freſh.

Pal. But then they wither, and grow dry in the very keeping; however I ſhall have a warmth for you, and an eagerneſs, every time I ſee you; and if I chance to out-live *Melantha* ——

Dor. And if I chance to out-live *Rhodophil* ——

Pal. Well, I'll cheriſh my Body as much as I can upon that hope. 'Tis true, I would not directly murder the Wife of my Boſom; but to kill her civilly, by the way of kindneſs, I'll put as far as another man: I'll begin to morrow night, and be very wrathful with her, that's reſolv'd on.

Dor. Well, *Palamede*, here's my hand, I'll venture to be your ſecond Wife, for all your threatnings.

Pal. In the mean time I'll watch you hourly, as I would the ripeneſs of a Melon, and I hope you'll give me leave now and then to look on you, and to ſee if you are not ready to be cut yet.

Dor. No, no, that muſt not be, *Palamede*, for fear the Gardener ſhould come and catch you a taking up the glaſs.

Enter Rhodophil.

Rho. (*Aſide.*) Billing ſo ſweetly! now I am confirm'd in my ſuſpicions; I muſt put and end to this, ere it go further. [*Aſide.*

(*To Doralice.*) Cry your mercy, Spouſe; I fear I have interrupted your Recreations.

Dor. What Recreations?

Rho. Nay, no excuſes, good Spouſe; I ſaw fair Hand convey'd to Lip, and preſt, as though you had been ſqueezing ſoft Wax together for an Indenture. *Palamede*, you and I muſt clear this Reckoning; why would you have ſeduc'd my Wife?

Pal. Why would you have debauch'd my Miſtreſs?

Rho. What do you think of that Civil Couple, that play'd at a Game call'd, *Hide and Seek*, laſt Evening in the Grotto?

Pal. What do you think of that Innocent Pair, who made it their pretence to ſeek for others, but came indeed, to hide themſelves there?

Rho. All things conſider'd, I begin vehemently to ſuſpect, that the young Gentleman I found in your Company laſt Night, was a certain Youth of my acquaintance.

Pal. And I have an odd Imagination, that you could never have ſuſpected my ſmall Gallant, if your little villanous *Frenchman* had not been a falſe Brother.

Rho. Farther Arguments are needleſs; Draw off; I ſhall ſpeak to you now by the way of *Bilbo*.

[*Claps his Hand to his Sword.*

Pal. And I ſhall anſwer you by the way of Danger-field.

[*Claps his Hand on his.*

Dor. Hold, hold; are not you two a Couple of mad fighting Fools, to cut one another's Throats for nothing?

Pal. How for nothing? he courts the Woman I muſt marry.

Rho. And he courts you whom I have marri'd.

Dor. But you can neither of you be jealous of what you love not.

Rho. Faith I am jealous, and that makes me partly ſuſpect I love you better than I thought.

Pal. Piſh!

Pal. Piſh! A mear Jealouſie of Honour.

Rho. Gad I am afraid there is ſomething elſe in't; for *Palamede* has Wit, and if he loves you, there's ſomething more in you than I have found; ſome rich Mine, for ought I know, that I have not yet diſcover'd.

Pal. 'S life, what's this? Here's an Argument for me to love *Melantha*; for he has lov'd her, and he has wit too, and, for ought I know, there may be a Mine: But, if there be, I am reſolv'd I'll dig for't.

Dor. (*To Rhod.*) Then I have found my account in raiſing your jealouſie: O! 'tis the moſt delicate ſharp ſawce to a cloy'd ſtomach; it will give you a new edge, *Rhodophil.*

Rho. And a new point too, *Doralice*, if I could be ſure thou art honeſt.

Dor. If you are wiſe, believe me for your own ſake: Love and Religion have but one thing to truſt to; that's a good ſound Faith. Conſider, if I have play'd falſe, you can never find it out by any experiment you can make upon me.

Rho. No? Why, ſuppoſe I had a delicate ſcrew'd Gun, if I left her clean, and found her foul, I ſhould diſcover, to my coſt, ſhe had been ſhot in.

Dor. But if you left her clean, and found her only ruſty, you would diſcover, to your ſhame, ſhe was only ſo for want of ſhooting.

Pal. Rhodophil, you know me too well, to imagine I ſpeak for fear; and therefore in conſideration of our paſt friendſhip, I will tell you, and bind it by all things holy, that *Doralice* is innocent.

Rho. Friend, I will believe you, and vow the ſame for your *Melantha*; but the Devil on't is, how we ſhall keep 'em ſo?

Pal. What doſt think of a bleſſed Community betwixt us four, for the ſolace of the Women, and relief of the Men? Methinks it would be a pleaſant kind of life: Wife and Husband for the ſtanding Diſh, and Miſtreſs and Gallant for the Deſert.

Rho. But ſuppoſe the Wife and the Miſtreſs ſhould both long for the ſtanding Diſh, how ſhould they be ſatisfi'd together?

Pal. In ſuch a caſe they muſt draw Lots; and yet that would not do neither; for they would be both wiſhing for the longeſt out.

Rho. Then I think, *Palamede*, we had as good make a firm League, not to invade each others Property.

Pal. Content, ſay I. From henceforth let all Acts of Hoſtility ceaſe betwixt us; and that in the uſual form of Treaties, as well by Sea as by Land, and in all Freſh Waters.

Dor. I will add one *Proviſo*, that whoever breaks the League, either by War abroad, or by neglect at home, both the Women ſhall revenge themſelves by the help of the other party.

Rho. That's but reaſonable. Come away, *Doralice*; I have a great temptation to be ſealing Articles in private.

Pal. Haſt thou ſo? [*Claps him on the ſhoulder.*

Fall on, *Macduff*,
And curst be he that first cries, Hold, enough.
Enter Polydamas, Palmyra, Artemis, Argaleon: *after them,*
Eubulus *and* Hermogenes, *guarded.*
Palm. Sir, on my knees I beg you.
Pol. Away I'll hear no more
Palm. For my dead Mother's sake; you say you lov'd her,
And tell me I resemble her. Thus she
Had begg'd.
Pol. ——— And thus had I deny'd her.
Palm. You must be merciful.
Arga. ——— You must be constant.
Pol. Go, bear 'em to the torture; you have boasted
You have a King to head you: I would know
To whom I must resign.
Eub. ——— This is our recompence
For serving the dead Queen.
Her. ——— And Education
Of thy Daughter.
Arga. You are too modest, in not naming all
His Obligations to you: Why did you
Omit his Son the Prince *Leonidas?*
Pol. That Imposture
I had forgot; their tortures shall be doubled.
Her. You please me, I shall die the sooner.
Eub. No; could I live an Age, and still be rack'd,
I still would keep the secret. [*As they are going off,*
Enter Leonidas, *guarded.*
Leon. Oh whither do you hurry Innocence!
If you have any Justice, spare their Lives;
Or if I cannot make you just, at least
I'll teach you to more purpose to be cruel.
Palm. Alas, what does he seek!
Leon. Make me the Object of your hate and vengance.
Are these decrepid Bodies worn to ruine,
Just ready, of themselves, to fall asunder,
And to let drop the Soul,
Are these fit Subjects for a Rack, and Tortures?
Where would you fasten any hold upon 'em:
Place pains on me; united fix 'em here;
I have both Youth, and Strength, and Soul to bear 'em:
And if they merit Death, then I much more;
Since 'tis for me they suffer.
Her. ——— Heav'n forbid
We should redeem our pains, or worthless lives,
By our exposing yours.
Eub. Away with us; Farewel Sir.

only ſuffer in my fears for you.

Arga. So much concern'd for him? then my [*Aſide.*
Suſpicion's true. [*Whiſpers the King.*

Palm. Hear yet my laſt requeſt, for poor *Leonidas*;
Or take my Life with his.

Arga. Reſt ſatified; *Leonidas* is he. [*To the King*

Pol. I am amaz'd: What muſt be done?

Arga. Command his execution inſtantly;
Give him not leaſure to diſcover it;
He may corrupt the Souldiers.

Pol. Hence with that Tratior; bear him to his death:
Haſte there and ſee my Will perform'd.

Leon. Nay then, I'll die like him the Gods have made me.
Hold, Gentlemen; I am——— [Argaleon *ſtops his Mouth.*

Arga. Thou art a Traytor; 'tis not fit to hear thee.

Leon. I ſay, I am the—— [*Getting looſe a little.*

Arga. So; gag him, and lead him off. [*Again ſtopping his Mouth.*

} Leonidas, Hermogenes, Eubulus, *led off.*
} Polydamas *and* Argaleon *follow.*

Palm. Duty and Love, by turns poſſeſs my Soul,
And ſtruggle for a fatal Victory:
I will diſcover he's the King; Ah, no:
That will perhaps ſave him;
But then I am guilty of a Father's ruine.
What ſhall I do, or not do? either way
I muſt deſtroy a Parent, or a Lover.
Break, Heart; for that's the leaſt of ills to me,
And Death the only cure. [*Swoons.*

Arte. Help, help the Princeſs.

Rho. Bear her gently hence, where ſhe may
Have more ſuccour. [*She is born off,* Arte *follow her.*

[*Shouts within, and claſhing of Swords.*

Pal. What noiſe is that?

Enter Amalthea, *running.*

Amal. Oh, Gentlemen, if you have Loyalty,
Or Courage, ſhew it now: *Leonidas*
Broke on the ſudden from his Guards, and ſnatching
A Sword from one, his back againſt the Scaffold,
Bravely defends himſelf; and owns aloud
He is our long loſt King, found for this moment;
But if your Valours help not, loſt for ever.
Two of his Guards, mov'd by the ſence of Virtue,
Are turn'd for him, and there they ſtand at Bay
Againſt an Hoſt of Foes.

Rho.——— Madam, no more;
We loſe time: My Command, or my Example,
May move the Souldiers to the better cauſe.

You'll

You'll second me? [*To* Pal.

Pal. Or die with you: no Subject e'er can meet
A nobler fate, than at his Sovereign's Feet. [*Exeunt*

[*Clashing of Swords within and Shouts.*

Enter Leonidas, Rhodophil, Palamede, Eubulus, Hermogenes, *and their party victorious.*
Polydamas *and* Argaleon *disarm'd.*

Leon. That I survive the dangers of this day,
Next to the Gods, brave Friends, be yours the honour.
And let Heav'n witness for me, that my joy
Is not more great for this my right restor'd,
Than 'tis, that I have power to recompence
Your Loyalty and Valour. Let mean Princes
Of abject Souls, fear to reward great Actions;
I mean to shew,
That whatsoe'r subjects, like you, dare merit,
A King, like me, dares give ———

Rho. You make us blush, we have deserv'd so little.

Pal. And yet instruct us how to merit more.

Leon. And as I would be just in my rewards,
So should I in my punishments; these two,
This is the Usurper of my Crown, the other
Of my *Palmyra*'s love, deserve that death
Which both design'd for me.

Pol. ——————— And we expect it.

Arga. I have too long been happy to live wretched.

Pol. And I too long have govern'd' to desire.
A life without an Empire.

Leon. You are *Palmyra*'s father; and as such,
Though not a King, shall have obedience paid
From him who is one. Father, in that name,
All injuries forgot, and duty own'd. [*Embraces him.*

Pol. O, had I known you could have been this King,
Thus God-like, great and good, I should have wish'd
T'have been dethron'd before. 'Tis now I live'
And more than Reign; now all my joys flow pure,
Unmix'd with cares, and undisturb'd by conscience.

Enter Palmyra, Amalthea, Artemis, Doralice, *and* Melantha.

Leon. See, my *Palmyra* comes! the frighted blood
Scarce yet recall'd to her pale cheeks.
Like the first streaks of light broke loose from darkness,
And dawning into blushes ——— Sir, you said [*To* Polyda.
Your joys are full; Oh, would you make mine so!
I am but half-restor'd without this blessing.

Pol. The Gods, and, and my *Palmyra*, make you happy,
As you make me. [*Gives her hand to* Leonidas.

Palm. ——— Now all my Prayers are heard:

I may

I may be Dutiful, and yet may Love.
Virtue, and Patience, have at length unravell'd
The Knots which Fortune ty'd.
Mel. Let me die, but I'll Congratulate his
Majesty: How admirably well his Royalty
Becomes him! Becomes! that is *luy sied*, but our damn'd Language expresses nothing.
Pal. How? Does it become him already? 'twas but just now you said, he was a Figure of a Man.
Mel. True, my Dear, when he was a private Man he was a Figure; but since he is a King, methinks he has assum'd another Figure: He looks so Grand, and so August. [*Going to the King.*
Pal. Stay, stay; I'll present you when it is more convenient. I find I must get her a place at Court; and when she is once there, she can be no longer Ridiculous; for she is young enough, and pretty enough, and Fool enough, and *French* enough, to bring up a Fashion there to be affected.
Leon. (*To* Rhodophil) Did she then lead you to this brave Attempt?
(*To Amalthea.*) To you, fair *Amalthea*, what I am,
And what all these, from me, we jointly owe:
First, therefore, to your great desert, I give
Your Brothers Life; but keep him under Guard
Till our new Power be setled. What more grace
He may receive, shall from his future Carriage
Be given as he deserves.
Arga. I neither now desire, nor will deserve it;
My loss is such as cannot be repair'd.
And to the wretched, Life can be no Mercy.
Leon. Then be a Prisoner always: Thy ill Fate,
And Pride will have it so: But since, in this, I cannot,
Instruct me, generous *Amalthea*, how
A King may serve you.
Amal. ——————— I have all hope,
And all I now must wish; I see you happy.
Those Hours I have to live, which Heav'n in pity
Will make but few, I vow to spend with Vestals:
The greatest part, in pray'rs for you; the rest
In Mourning my unworthiness.
Press me no farther to explain my self;
'Twill not become me, and may cause your trouble,
Leon. Too well I understand her secret Grief, [*Aside*
But dare not seem to know it.——Come my fairest. (*To* Palmyra.
Beyond my Crown, I have one Joy in Store;
To give that Crown to her whom I adore. [*Exeunt omnes.*

Epilogue

Epilogue.

THus have my Spouse and I inform'd the Nation,
And led you all the way to Reformation.
Not with dull Morals, gravely writ, like those,
Which Men of ease Phlegm, with care compose,
Your Poet's of stiff Words, and limber Sense,
Born on the Confines of Indifference.
But by Examples drawn, I dare to say,
From most of you, who hear and see the Play.
There are more Rhodophils *in this Theatre.*
More Palamedes, *and some few Wives I fear.*
But yet too far our Poet would not run,
Though 'twas well offer'd, there was nothing done.
He would not quite the Woman's frailty bare,
But strip 'em to the waste and left 'em there,
And the Men's Faults are less severely shown,
For he considers that himself is one.
Some stabbing Wits, to bloody Satyr bent,
Would treat both Sexes with less Compliment:
Would lay the Scene at home, of Husbands tell,
For Wenches, taking up their Wives i'th' Mell,
And a brisk Bout which each of them did want,
Made by mistake of Mistress and Gallant.
Our modest Author, thought it was enough
To cut you off a Sample of the Stuff;
He spar'd my shame, which you, I'm sure, would not;
For you were all for driving on the Plot:
You sigh'd when I came in to break the sport,
And set your Teeth when each design fell short,
To Wives and Servants all good Wishes lend,
But the poor Cuckold seldom finds a Friend.
Since therfore Court and Town will Take no pity,
I humbly cast my self upon the City.

FINIS.

T1045